HARRINGTON,

A TALE;

AND

ORMOND,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH,

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. HUNTER,

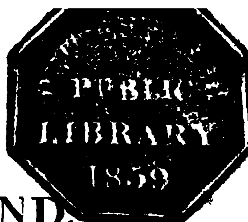
SUCCESSOR TO MR. JOHNSON, 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1817.

H. Bryer, Printer, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, Londo



ORMOND.

CHAP. XIX.

AFTER having lived so long in retirement, our young hero, when he was to go into company again, had many fears, that his manners would appear rustic and unfashioned. With all these apprehensions as to his manners, there was mixed a large proportion of pride of character, which tended rather to encrease than to diminish his apparent timidity. He dreaded that people should value him, or think that he valued himself, for his newly acquired fortune, instead of his good qualities—he feared that he should

be flattered—and he feared that he should like flattery.—In the midst of all these various and contradictory apprehensions, he would perhaps have been awkward and miserable, had he been introduced into society by one who had less knowledge of the world, or less knowledge of the human, heart than Sir Ulick O'Shane possessed. Sir Ulick treated him as if he had always lived in good company. Without presupposing any ignorance or any difficulty, he at the same time always took care to warn him of any etiquette, or of any modern fashion, so that no one should perceive the warning but themselves. —He never hurt Ormond's pride by seeming to patronise or *produce* him, nor did he ever let his timidity suffer from uncertainty or neglect.—Ormond's fortune was never adverted to, in any way that could hurt his desire to be valued for his own sake—but he was made to feel, that it was a part, and a very agree-

able part of his personal merit. Managed in this kind and skilful manner, he became perfectly at ease and happy.—His spirits rose, and he enjoyed every thing with the warmth of youth, and with the enthusiasm of his natural character.

The first evening that "the earthly Paradise" of Castle Hermitage reopened upon his view, he was presented to all the well dressed, well bred belles. Black, brown, and fair for the first hour appeared to him all beautiful. His guardian standing apart, and seeming to listen to a castle secretary, who was whispering to him of state affairs, observed all that was passing.

Contrary to his guardian's expectations, however, Ormond was the next morning faithful to his resolution, and did not appear among the angels at the breakfast table at Castle Hermitage. "It won't last a good week," said Sir Ulick to himself. But that good week,

and the next it lasted—Harry's studies to be sure were sometimes interrupted by floating visions of the Miss Darrells, Dartfords, and Lardners. He every now and then sung bits of their songs, repeated their bon mots, and from time to time laid down his book, started up and practised quadrille steps to refresh himself, and encrease his attention. His representations of all he saw and heard at Castle Hermitage, and his frank and natural description of the impression, that every thing and every body made upon him, were amusing and interesting to his friends at Vicar's Vale.—It was not by satire, that he amused them, but by simplicity mixed with humour and good sense—Good sense sometimes half opening his eyes, and humour describing what he saw with those eyes, half open, half shut.

"Pray what sort of people are the Darrells and Dartfords?" said Mrs. Cambray.

"Oh delightful! the girls especially—sing like angels."

"Well, the women I know are all angels with you at present—that you have told us several times."

"It's really true, I believe—at least as far as I can see—but you know I have not had time to see farther than the outside yet."

"The gentlemen, however, I suppose you have seen the inside of some of them?"

"Certainly—those who have any thing inside of them—Dartford for instance."

"Well, Mr. Dartford, he is the man Sir Ulick said was so clever."

"Very clever—he is—I suppose, though I don't really recollect any thing remarkable that I heard him say. But the wit must be *in* him—and he lets out a good deal of his opinions—of his opinion of himself—a little too much.—But he is much admired."

"And Mr. Darrell—what of him?"

"Very fashionable—But indeed all I know about him is, that his dress is *quite the thing*, and that he knows more about dishes and cooks, than I could have conceived any man upon earth of his age could know—But they say it's the fashion—He is very fashionable, I hear."

"But is he conceited?"

"Why!—I do not know—his manner might appear a little conceited—but in reality he must be wonderfully humble—for he certainly values his horses far above himself—and then he is quite content if his boot tops are admired—By the by, there is a *famous invaluable* receipt he has for polishing those boot tops, which is to make quite another man of me—if I don't forget to put him in mind about it."

"And Mr. Lardner?"

"Oh a pleasant young man! has so many good songs, and good stories, and is so good natured in repeating them.

-But I hope people won't make him repeat them too often, for I can conceive one might be tired—in time."

During the course of the first three weeks Harry was three times in imminent danger of falling in love,—first, with the beautiful, and beautifully dressed Miss Darrell, who danced, sung, played, rode, did every thing charmingly, and was universally admired. She was remarkably good humoured, even when some of her companions were rather cross. Miss Darrell reigned queen of the day, and queen of the ball, for three days and three nights, in our young hero's eyes, unrivalled; but on the fourth night, Ormond chancing to praise the fine shape of one of her very dear friends, Miss Darrell whispered, "she owes that fine shape to a finely padded corset. Oh I am clear of what I tell you, she is my intimate friend."

From that moment Ormond was cured of all desire to be the intimate friend of

this fair lady. The second peerless damsel, whose praises he sounded to Dr. Cambray between the fits of reading Middleton's Cicero, was Miss Eliza Darrell, the youngest of the three sisters; she was not yet come out, but was in the mean time allowed to appear at Castle Hermitage, and was so *naive*, and so timid, and so very bashful, that Sir Ulick was forced always to bring her into the room leaning on his arm;—she could really hardly walk into a room,—and if any body looked at her, she was so much distressed—and there were such pretty confusions and retreatings, and such a manœuvring to get to the side table every day, and "Sir Ulick so terribly determined it should not be."—It was all naturally acted, and by a young pretty actress; Ormond, used only to the gross affectation of Dora, did not, good easy man, suspect that there was any affectation in the case.—He pitied her so much, that Sir Ulick was cer-

tain "love was in the next degree."—Of this the young lady herself was still more secure;—and in her security she forgot some of her graceful timidity.—It happened, that in standing up for country dances one night, some dispute about precedency occurred. Miss Eliza Darrell was the *honourable Miss Darrell*—and some young lady, who was not honourable, in contempt, defiance, neglect, or ignorance, stood above her. The timid Eliza remonstrated in no very gentle voice, and the colour came into her face—the eloquent blood spoke too plainly.—She!—the gentle Eliza! pushed for her place, and with her honourable elbows made way for herself—for what will not even well-bred belles do in a crowd?—Unfortunately, well-bred beaux are bound to support them.—Ormond was on the point of being drawn into a quarrel with the partner of the offending party, when Sir Ulick appearing in the midst, and not seeming to know that

any thing was going wrong, broke up the intended set of country dances, by insisting upon it, that the Miss Darrells had promised him a quadrille, and that they must dance it for him, as there was but just time before supper. Harry, who had seen how little his safety was in the eye of the gentle Eliza, in comparison with the most trifling point of her offended pride, was determined in future, not to expose himself to similar danger.

The next young lady who took his fancy, was of course as unlike the last as possible.—She was one of the remarkably pleasant, sprightly, clever, most agreeable Miss Lardners.—She did not interest him much, but she amused him exceedingly. Her sister had one day said to her, "Anne, you can't be pretty, so you had better be odd."—Anne took the advice, set up for being odd, and succeeded.—She was a mimic, a wit, and very satirical; as long as the satire touched only those he did not care for, it ex-

tremely diverted Ormond. He did not think it quite feminine or amiable, but still it was entertaining. There was also something flattering in being exempted from this general reprobation and ridicule: Miss Lardner was intolerant of all insipid people—*flats,* as she called them. How far Ormond might have been drawn on by this laughing, talking, satirical, flattering wit, there is no saying, but luckily they fell out one evening about old Lady Annaly. Miss Lardner was not aware that Ormond knew, much less could she have conceived that he liked her ladyship. Miss Lardner was mimicking her, for the amusement of a set of young ladies, who were standing round the fire after dinner, when Harry Ormond came in, who was not quite as much diverted as was expected.

"Mr. Ormond does not know the *original,* the copy is lost upon him," said Miss Lardner; "and happy it is for you," continued she, turning to him, "that you

do not know her, for Lady Annaly is as stiff and tiresome an original as ever was seen or heard of;—and the worst of it is, she is an original without originality."

"Lady Annaly!" cried Ormond, with surprise, "sure not the Lady Annaly I know."

"There's but one that I know of—Heaven forbid that there were two.—But I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormond, if she is a friend of yours—I humbly beg your forgiveness—I did not know your taste was so *very good!*—Lady Annaly is a fine old lady, certainly—vastly respectable;—and I so far agree with Mr. Ormond, that of the two paragons, mother and daughter, I prefer the mother. Paragons in their teens are insufferable:—patterns of perfection are good for nothing in society, except to be torn to pieces."

Miss Lardner pursued this diversion of tearing them to pieces, still flattering herself, that her present wit and drollery

would prevail with Ormond, as she had found it prevail with most people against an absent friend. But Ormond thought upon this occasion she shewed more flippancy than wit, and more ill-nature than humour. He was shocked at the want of feeling and reverence for age, with which she, a young girl just entering into the world, spoke of a person of Lady Annaly's years and high character. In the heat of attack, and in her eagerness to carry her point against the Annalys, the young lady, according to custom, proceeded from sarcasm to scandal. Every ill-natured report she had ever heard against any of the family, she now repeated with exaggeration and asseverations, vehement in proportion to the weakness of proof. She asserted, that Lady Annaly, with all her high character, was very hard-hearted to some of her nearest family connexions.—Sweet Lady Millicent!—Oh! how barbarously she used her!—Miss Annaly too Miss

Lardner attacked, as a cold-blooded jilt. If the truth must be told, she had actually broken the heart of a young nobleman, who was fool enough to be taken in by her sort of manner—and the son, the famous Sir Herbert Annaly! he was an absolute miser;—Miss Lardner declared, that she knew from the best authority most shameful instances of his shabbiness.

The instances were stated, but Ormond could not believe these stories; and what was more, he began to doubt the good faith of the person by whom they were related. He suspected, that she uttered these slanders knowing them to be false.

Miss Lardner observing that Ormond made no further defence, but now stood silent, and with downcast eyes, flattered herself that she had completely triumphed. Changing the subject, she would have resumed with him her familiar, playful tone, but all chance of her ever

triumphing over Ormond's head or heart were now at an end. So finished the third of his three weeks *fancies*;—such evanescent fancies it would not have been worth while mentioning, but for the effect produced on his mind; though they left scarce any individual traces, they made a general and useful impression. They produced a permanent contempt for *scandal*, that common vice of idle society. He determined to guard against it cautiously himself; and ever after, when he saw a disposition to it in any woman, however highly bred, highly accomplished, or highly gifted, he considered her as a person of mean mind, with whom he could never form any connexion of friendship or love.

The Lardners, Darrells, Dartfords, vanished, and new figures were to appear in the magic lantern of Castle Hermitage. Sir Ulick thought a few preliminary observations necessary to his ward. His opinion of Ormond's capacity

and steadiness had considerably diminished, in consequence of Harry's various mistakes of character, and sudden changes of opinion; but Sir Ulick, with all his abilities, did not discriminate between want of understanding, and want of practice. Besides, he did not see the whole: he saw the outward boyish folly—he did not see the inward manly sense; he judged Ormond by a false standard, by comparison with the young men of the world of his own age. He knew that none of these, even of moderate capacity, could have been three times in three weeks so near being *taken in*—not one would have made the sort of blunders, much less would any one, having made them, have acknowledged them as frankly as Ormond did. It was this *imprudent* candour, which lowered him most in his guardian's estimation. From not having lived in society, Harry was not aware of the signs and tokens of folly or wisdom by which the world judge; the opinion of the by-

standers had not habitual power over him. While the worldly young men guarded themselves with circumspect self-love against every external appearance of folly, Harry was completely unguarded; they lived cheaply upon borrowed wisdom; he profited dearly, but permanently, by his own experience.

"My dear boy," said Sir Ulick, "are you aware that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant is coming to Castle Hermitage to-morrow."

"Yes, Sir; so I heard you say," replied Harry. "What sort of a man is he?"

"*Man!*" repeated Sir Ulick, smiling. "In the first place, he is a very *great* man, and may be of great service to you."

"How so, Sir, I don't want any thing from him. Now I have a good fortune of my own, what can I want from any man—or if I must not say *man*, any *great* man?"

"My dear Harry, though a man's

fortune is good, it may be better for pushing it."

"And worse, may not it, Sir? Did not I hear you telling last night of Lord somebody, who had been pushing his fortune all his life, and died pennyless."

"True, because he pushed ill; if he had pushed well, he would have got into a good place."

"I thank Heaven, I can get that now without any pushing."

"You can!—yes, by my interest perhaps you mean."

"No; by my own money I mean."

"Bribery and corruption! Harry, places are not in this country to be bought—openly—These are things one must not talk of; and pray, with your own money—if you could—what place upon earth would you purchase?"

"The only place in the world I should wish for, Sir, would be a place in the country."

Sir Ulick was surprised and alarmed;

but said not a word that could betray his feelings.

"A place of my own," continued Ormond, "a comfortable house and estate, on which I could live independently and happy, with some charming amiable woman."

"Darrell, Dartford, Lardner, which?" said Sir Ulick, with a sarcastic smile.

"I am cured of those foolish fancies, Sir?"

"Well, there is another more dangerous might seize you, against which I must warn you, and I trust one word of advice you will not take amiss."

"Sir, I am very much obliged to you; how could I take advice from you as any thing but a proof of friendship?"

"Then, my dear boy, I must tell you, *in confidence,* what you will find out the first night you are in his company, that his Excellency drinks hard."

"No danger of my following his example," said Harry. "Thank you, Sir,

for the warning; but I am sure enough of myself on this point, because I have been tried—and when I would not drink to please my own dear king Corny, not much danger of my drinking to please a Lord Lieutenant, who, after all, is nothing to me."

"After all," said Sir Ulick; "but you are not come to *after all* yet—you know nothing about his Excellency yet."

"Nothing but what you told me, Sir; if he drinks hard, I think he sets no very good example as a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

"What oft was thought, perhaps, but ne'er so bluntly expressed," said Sir Ulick.

Sir Ulick was afterwards surprised to see the firmness with which his ward, when in company with persons of the first rank and fashion, resisted the combined force of example, importunity, and ridicule. Dr. Cambray was pleased, but not surprised; for he had seen in his young

friend other instances of this adherence to whatever he had once been convinced was right. Resolution is a quality or power of mind totally independent of knowledge of the world. The habit of self-control can be acquired by any individual, in any situation. Ormond had practised and strengthened it even in the retirement of the Black Islands.

Other and far more dangerous trials were now preparing for him; but before we go on to these, it may be expected that we should not pass over in silence the vice-regal visit, and yet what can we say about it: all that Ormond could say was, that "he supposed it was a great honour, but it was no great pleasure." The mornings, two out of five, being very rainy, hung very heavy on hands in spite of the billiard-room. Fine weather, riding, shooting, or boating, killed time well enough till dinner; and Harry, being a good sportsman and an excellent shot, said he liked this part of the business

exceedingly, till he found that some great men were very cross, if they did not shoot as many little birds as he did. Then came dinner, the great point of relief and re-union!—and there had been late dinners, and long dinners, and great dinners, fine plate, good dishes, plenty of wine, but a dearth of conversation—the natural topics chained up by etiquette. One half of the people at table were too prudent, the other half too stupid to talk. Sir Ulick talked away indeed; but even he was not half so entertaining as usual, because he was forced to bring down his wit and humour to *court quality*. In short, till the company had drank a certain quantity of wine, nothing was said worth repeating, and afterwards nothing repeatable.

After the vice-regal rareeshow was over, and that the grand folk had been properly bowed into their carriages, and had fairly driven away, there was some diversion to be had. People without yawning seemed to recover from a dead

sleep; the state of the atmosphere was changed. There was a happy thaw, the frozen words and bits and ends of conversations were now heard repeated in delightful confusion. The men of wit, in revenge for their prudent silence, were now happy and noisy beyond measure. Ormond was much entertained; now he had an opportunity of being not only amused but instructed by conversation, for all the great dealers in information, who had *kept up* their goods while there was no market, now that there was a demand, unpacked, and brought them out in profusion. There was such a rich supply, and such a quick and happy intercourse of wit and knowledge, as quite delighted, almost dazzled his eyes; but his eyes were strong. He had a mind untainted with envy, highly capable of emulation. Much was indeed beyond, or above, the reach of his present powers; but nothing was beyond his generous admiration—nothing above his future

hopes of attainment.' The effect, and more than the effect, which Sir Ulick had foreseen, was produced on Ormond's mind by hearing the conversation of some of those who had distinguished themselves in political life; he caught their spirit—their ambition; his wish was no longer merely to see the world, but to distinguish himself in it. His guardian saw the noble ambition rising in his mind—Oh! at that instant, how could he think of debasing it to servile purposes—of working this great power only for paltry party ends?

CHAP. XX.

NEW circumstances arose, which unexpectedly changed the course of our hero's mind. There was a certain Lady Millicent, Lady Norton had read from her memorandum-book among the list of guests expected at Castle Hermitage. Sir Ulick, as Ormond recollected, had pronounced her to be a charming, elegant, fascinating creature. Sir Ulick's praise was sometimes exaggerated, and often lavished from party motives, or given half in jest and half in earnest, against his conscience. But when he did speak sincerely, no man's taste or judgment as to female beauty, manners, and character, could be more safely trusted.

He was sincere in all he said of Lady Millicent's appearance and manners, but as to the rest, he did not think himself bound to tell all he knew about her.

Her ladyship arrived at Castle Hermitage.—Ormond saw her, and thought that his guardian had not in the least exaggerated as to her beauty, grace, or elegance.

She was a very young widow, still in mourning for her husband, a gallant officer, who had fallen the preceding year at a siege in Flanders.

Lady Millicent, as Lady Norton said, had not, and she feared never would, recover from the shock her health had received, at the time of her husband's death. This account interested Ormond exceedingly for the young widow.

There was something peculiarly engaging in the pensive softness and modesty of her manner. It seemed free from affectation. Far from making any display of her feelings, she seemed as

much as possible to repress them,—and to endeavour to be cheerful, that she might not damp the gaiety of others. Her natural disposition, as Lady Norton said, was very sprightly, and however passive and subdued she might appear at present, she was of a high independent spirit, that would, on any great occasion, think and act for itself. Better and better—Each trait suited Ormond's character more and more—His own observation confirmed the high opinion, which the praises of her friend tended to inspire. Ormond was particularly pleased with the indulgent manner in which she spoke of her own sex; Lady Millicent was free from that propensity to detraction, which had so disgusted him in his last love. Even of those by whom, as it had been hinted to him, she had been hardly treated, she spoke with gentleness and candour. Recollecting Miss Lardner's assertion, that "Lady Annaly had used Lady Millicent bar-

barously," he purposely mentioned Lady Annaly, to hear what she would say.—"Lady Annaly," said she, "is a most respectable woman—she has her prejudices—who is there that has not?—It is unfortunate for me, that she had been prepossessed against *me*. She is one of my nearest connexions by marriage—one to whom I might have looked in difficulty and distress—one of the few persons whose assistance and interference I would willingly have accepted, and would even have stooped to ask, but unhappily—I can tell you no more," said she, checking herself—"It is every way an unfortunate affair—and," added she, after a deep sigh, "the most unfortunate part of it is, that it is my own fault."

That Ormond could hardly believe; and whether it were or not, whatever the unfortunate affair might be, the candour, the gentleness, with which she spoke, even when her feelings were obviously touched and warm, interested

him deeply in her favour. He had heard that the Annalys were just returning to Ireland, and he determined to go as soon as possible to see them; he hoped they would come to Castle Hermitage—and that this coolness might be made up. Mean time the more he saw of Lady Millicent, the more he was charmed with her. Sir Ulick was much engaged with various business in the mornings, and Lady Norton, Lady Millicent, and Ormond spent their time together—walking, driving in the sociable, or boating on the lake—they were continually together. Lady Norton, a very good kind of well bred little woman, was a non-entity in conversation, but she never interrupted it, or laid the slightest restraint on any one by her presence, which, indeed, was usually forgotten by Ormond. Though Ormond did not yet even foresee the time in which he could venture to hope for himself, yet his conversation with Lady

Millicent generally took a sentimental turn. She did not always speak sense, but she talked elegant nonsense with a sweet persuasive voice and eloquent eyes —hers was a kind of exalted sentimental morality, referring every thing to feeling, and to the notion of *sacrifice*, rather than to a sense of duty, principle, or reason. She was all for sensibility and enthusiasm—enthusiasm in particular—With her there was no virtue without it.—Acting from the hope of making yourself or others happy, or from any view of utility, was acting merely from low selfish motives. Her " point of virtue was so high, that ordinary mortals might well console themselves by perceiving the impossibility of ever reaching it." Exalted to the clouds, she managed matters as she pleased there, and made charming confusion. When she condescended to return to earth, and attempted to define—no, not to define—definitions were death to her

imagination!—but to *describe* her notions, she was nearly unintelligible. She declared, however, that she understood herself perfectly well; and Ormond, deceived by eloquence, of which he was a passionate admirer, thought that he understood, when he only *felt*. Her ideas of virtue were carried to such extremes, that they touched the opposite vices—in truth, there was nothing to prevent them; for the line between right and wrong—that line which should be strongly marked, was effaced; so delicately had sentiment shaded off its boundaries. These female metaphysics, this character of exalted imagination and sensitive softness, was not quite so cheap and common some years ago as it has lately become. The consequences to which it practically leads were not then fully foreseen and understood. At all times a man experienced in female character, who had any knowledge of the world, even supposing he had no skill in

metaphysics, would easily have seen to what all this tends, and where it usually terminates; and such a man would never have thought of marrying Lady Millicent. But Ormond was inexperienced; the whole, matter and manner, was new to him; he was struck with the delicacy and sensibility of the fair sophist, and with all that was ingenious and plausible in the doctrine, instead of being alarmed by its dangerous tendency. It should be observed, in justice to Lady Millicent, that she was perfectly sincere, if we may use the expression *of good faith* in her absurdities. She did not use this sentimental sophistry, as it has since been too often employed by many, to veil from themselves the criminality of passion, or to mask the deformity of vice. There was, perhaps, the more immediate hazard of her erring from ignorance and rashness; but there was in her youth and innocence a chance, that she should instinctively start back

the moment she should see the precipice.

Sir Ulick O'Shane had often said, in speaking of Lady Millicent, that under the guidance of a man of sense she would be one of the first women he ever saw—that a man who could once win Lady Millicent's affections, and who could not keep them, would deserve to be miserable.

Ormond perfectly agreed with him. He knew that Sir Ulick saw the impression Lady Millicent had made upon him, nor did he attempt or wish to conceal it—though it was not yet come to the time, when he could determine to speak of his sentiments. He was now too seriously in love to talk of it lightly, or to be as precipitate as he had been when he meant nothing in praising the Darrells, Lardners, &c.

One evening Sir Ulick was talking of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, a book* at that time much in vogue, but which the

good sense and virtue of England soon cast into disrepute; and which, in spite of the charms of wit and style, in spite of many sparkling and some valuable observations mixed with its corruption, has since sunk, fortunately for the nation, almost into oblivion—But when these *private* letters were first published, and when my lord, who now appears so stiff and awkward, was in the fashion of the day, there was no withstanding it. The book was a manual of education—with the vain hope of getting cheaply second-hand knowledge of the world, it was read universally by every young man entering life, from the nobleman's son, while his hair was powdering, to the prentice thumbing it surreptitiously behind the counter.—Sir Ulick O'Shane, of course, recommended it to his ward: to Lady Millicent's credit, she inveighed against it with honest indignation.

"What!" said Sir Ulick, smiling "you are shocked at the idea of Lord

Chesterfield's advising his pupil at Paris to prefer a reputable affair with a married woman to a disreputable intrigue with an opera girl—Well, I believe you are right as an English woman, my dear Lady Millicent; and I am clear, at all events, you are right, as a *woman*, to blush so eloquently with virtuous indignation;—Lady Annaly herself could not have spoken and looked the thing better."

"So I was just thinking," said Ormond.

"Only the difference, Harry, between a young and an elderly woman," said Sir Ulick, "Truths divine come mended from the lips of youth and beauty."

His compliment was lost upon Lady Millicent. At the first mention of Lady Annaly's name she had sighed deeply, and had fallen into reverie—and Ormond, as he looked at her, fell into raptures at the tender expression of her countenance. Sir Ulick tapped him on the shoulder, and drawing him a little on one side—

"Take care of your heart, young man," whispered he, "no serious attachment here—remember, I warn you."—Lady Norton joined them, and nothing more was said.

"Take care of my heart," thought Ormond, "why should I guard it against such a woman,—what better can I do with it than offer it to such a woman."

A thought had crossed Ormond's mind, which recurred at this instant. From the great admiration Sir Ulick expressed for Lady Millicent, and the constant attention, more than gallant, tender attention Sir Ulick paid her, Ormond was persuaded, that but for that half of the broken chain of matrimony, which still encumbered him whom it could not bind, Sir Ulick would be very glad to offer Lady Millicent not only his heart but his hand. Suspecting this partiality, and imagining this jealousy, Ormond did not quite like to consult his guardian about his own sentiments and proceedings.—

He wished previously to consult his impartial and most safe friend, Dr. Cambray. But Dr. Cambray was absent from home ever since the arrival of Lady Millicent. The doctor and his family had been on a visit to a relation at a distance. Ormond, impatient for their return, had every day questioned the curate, and at last, in reply to his regular question of "When do you expect the doctor, Sir?" he heard the glad tidings of "We expect him to-morrow, or next day, Sir, positively."

The next day, Ormond, who was now master of a very elegant phaeton and beautiful grey horses, and, having for some time been under the tuition of that knowing whip Tom Darrell, could now drive to admiration, prevailed upon Lady Millicent to trust herself with him in his phaeton—Sir Ulick came up just as Ormond had handed Lady Millicent into the carriage, and, pressing on his ward's shoulder, said—

"Have you the reins safe?"

"Yes."

"That's well—remember now, Harry Ormond," said he, with a look which gave a double meaning to his words—"remember, I charge you, the warning I gave you last night—drive carefully—pray, young Sir, look before you—no rashness!—young horses these," added he, patting the horses, "pray be careful, Harry."

Ormond promised to be very careful, and drove off.

"I suppose," thought he, "my guardian must have some good reason for this reiterated caution; I will not let her see my sentiments till I know his reasons;—besides, as Dr. Cambray returns to-morrow, I can wait another day."

Accordingly, though not without putting considerable restraint upon himself, Ormond talked of the beauties of nature, and of indifferent matters. The conversation rather flagged, and sometimes on

her ladyship's side as well as on his. He fancied that she was more reserved than usual, and a little embarrassed. He exerted himself to entertain her;—that was but common civility;—he succeeded, was pleased to see her spirits rise, and her embarrassment wear off. When she revived, her manner was this day so peculiarly engaging, and the tones of her voice so soft and winning, that it required all Ormond's resolution to refrain from declaring his passion. Now, for the first time, he conceived a hope that he might make himself agreeable to her; that he might, in time, soothe her grief, and restore her to happiness. Her expressions were all delicately careful to imply nothing but friendship—but a woman's friendship insensibly leads to love. As they were returning home after a delightful drive, they entered upon this subject, so favourable to the nice casuistry of sentiment, and to the enthusiastic eloquence of passion,—when, at an opening

in the road, a carriage, crossed them so suddenly, that Ormond had but just time to pull up his horses.

"Dr. Cambray, I declare, the very man I wished to see."

The doctor, whose countenance had been full of affectionate pleasure at the first sight of his young friend, changed when he saw who was in the phaeton with him. The doctor looked panic struck.

"Lady Millicent—Doctor Cambray." Ormond began the introduction, but each bowing, said, in a constrained voice—

"I have the honour of knowing—"

"I have the pleasure of being acquainted—"

The pleasure and honour seemed to be painful and embarrassing to both.

"Don't let us detain you," said the doctor—"but I hope, Mr. Ormond, you will let me see you as soon as you can at Vicar's Vale?"

"You would not doubt that, my dear doctor," said Ormond—"If you knew

how impatient I have been for your return—I will be with you before you are all out of the carriage."

"The sooner the better,"—said the doctor.

"The sooner the better," echoed the friendly voices of Mrs. Cambray and her daughter.

Ormond drove on—but from this moment, till they reached Castle Hermitage, no more agreeable conversation passed between him and his fair companion. It was all constrained.

"I was not aware that Dr. Cambray had the honour of being acquainted with Lady Millicent," said Ormond.

"Oh! yes, I had the pleasure some time ago," replied Lady Millicent, "when he was in Dublin, not lately—I was a great favourite of his once."

"Once, and always, I should have thought."

"Dr. Cambray's a most amiable, respectable man," said her ladyship; "he

must be a great acquisition in this neighbourhood—a good clergyman is always so valuable every where; in Ireland most especially, where the spirit of conciliation is much wanted. 'Tis unknown how much a good clergyman may do in Ireland."

"Very true—certainly."

So, with a repetition of truisms, interspersed with reflections on the state of Ireland, tithes, and the education of the poor, they reached Castle Hermitage.

"Lady Millicent, you look pale," said Sir Ulick, as he handed her out.

"Oh! no, I have had a most delightful drive."

Harry just stayed to say that Dr. Cambray was returned, and that he must run to see him, and off he went. He found the doctor in his study.

"Well, my dear doctor," said Ormond, in breathless consternation—"what *is* the matter?"

"Nothing, I hope," said the doctor, looking earnestly in Ormond's face—

"and yet your countenance tells me, that my fears are well founded."

"What is it you fear, Sir?"

"The lady who was in the phaeton with you, Lady Millicent, I fear—"

"Why should you fear, Sir?—Oh! tell me at once, for you torture me—what do you know of her?"

"At once, then, I know her to be a very imprudent—though, I hope she is still an innocent woman."

"Innocent!" repeated Ormond, "Good heavens, is it possible that there can be any doubt. Imprudent! My dear doctor, perhaps you have been misinformed."

"All I know on the subject is this," said Dr. Cambray, "during Lord Millicent's absence in the army, a gentleman of high rank and gallantry paid assiduous attention to Lady Millicent. Her relation and friend, Lady Annaly, advised her, to break off all intercourse with this gentleman in such a decided manner,

as to silence scandal. Lady Millicent followed but half the advice of her friend; she discountenanced the public attentions of her admirer, but she took opportunities of meeting him at private parties; Lady Annaly again interfered—Lady Millicent was offended: but the death of her husband, at the siege of ———, where he behaved most gallantly, saved her from further danger, and opened her eyes to the views of a man, who thought her no longer worthy his pursuit, when he might have her for life."

Ormond saw that there was no resource for him, but immediately to quit Castle Hermitage; therefore, the moment he returned, he informed Sir Ulick of his determination, pointing out to him the impropriety of his remaining in the society of Lady Millicent, when his opinion of her character, and the sentiments which had so strongly influenced his behaviour, were irrevocably changed.

—This was an unexpected blow upon Sir Ulick; he had his private reasons for wishing to detain Ormond at Castle Hermitage till he was of age, to dissipate his mind by amusement and variety, and to obtain over it an habitual guidance.

Ormond proposed immediately to visit the continent; by the time he should arrive at Paris, Dora would be settled there, and he should be introduced into the best company. The subtle Sir Ulick, perceiving that Ormond must change his quarters, suggested to him the propriety of seeing something of his own country before he went abroad, and in the course of a few days, various letters of recommendation were procured for Ormond from Sir Ulick and his connexions; and, what was of still more consequence, from Dr. Cambray and his friends.

During this interval, Ormond once more visited the Black Islands; the

scenes of his early youth recalled to Ormond a thousand tender, and a few embittering, recollections. He was greeted with heartfelt affection by many of the inhabitants of the island, with whom he had past some of his boyish days. Of some scenes he had to be ashamed; of others he was justly proud; and, from every tongue, he heard the delightful praises of his departed friend and benefactor.

His little farm had been well managed during his absence, the trees he had planted began to make some appearance; and, upon the whole, his visit to the Black Islands revived the generous feelings of his youth, and refreshed those traces of early virtue, which had been engraven on his heart.

At his return to Castle Hermitage, he found every thing prepared for his departure; and, upon visiting his excellent friend at the vicarage, he found the whole family heartily interested in his

welfare, and ready to assist him by letters of introduction to the best people in every part of Ireland, which Ormond intended to visit.

CHAP. XXI.

DURING the course of Ormond's tour through Ireland, he frequently found himself in company with those who knew the history of public affairs for years past, and were but too well acquainted with the political profligacy and shameful jobbing of Sir Ulick O'Shane.

Some of these gentlemen, knowing Mr. Ormond to be his ward, refrained, of course, from touching upon any subject relative to Sir Ulick, and when Ormond mentioned him, evaded the conversation, or agreed in general terms in praising his abilities, wit, and address. But, after a day or two's jour-

ney from Castle Hermitage, when he had got beyond his own and the adjoining counties—when he went into company with those who happened to know nothing of his connexion with Sir Ulick O'Shane, then he heard him spoken of in a very different manner. —He was quite astonished and dismayed by the general abuse, as he thought it, which was poured upon him.

"Well! every man of abilities excites envy—every man who takes a part in politics, especially in times when parties run high, must expect to be abused; they must bear it, and their friends must learn to bear it for them."

Such were the reflections, with which Ormond at first comforted himself. As far as party abuse went, this was quite satisfactory; even facts, or what are told as facts, are so altered by the manner of seeing them by an opposite party, that, without meaning to traduce, they calumniate.—Ormond entrenched

himself in total disbelief, and cool assertion of his disbelief, of a variety of anecdotes he continually heard discreditable to Sir Ulick. Still he expected, that when he went into other company, and met with men of Sir Ulick's own party, he should obtain proofs of the falsehood of these stories, and by that he might he able, not only to contradict, but to confute them. People, however, only smiled, and told him that he had better inquire no further, if he expected to find Sir Ulick an immaculate character. Those who liked him best, laughed off the notorious instances of his public defection of principle, and of his private jobbing, as good jokes; proofs of his knowledge of the world,—his address, his frankness, his being "not a bit of a hypocrite." But even those who professed to like him best, and to be least scrupulous with regard to public virtue, still spoke with a sort of facetious contempt of Sir Ulick as

a thorough going friend of the powers that be—as a hack of administration—as a man who knew well enough what he was about. Ormond was continually either surprised or hurt by these insinuations.

The concurrent testimony of numbers, who had no interest or prejudice to serve, operated by degrees upon him, so as to enforce conviction, and this was still more painful.

Harry became so sore and irritable upon this subject, that he was now every day in danger of getting into some quarrel in defence of his guardian. Several times the master of the house prevented this, and brought him to reason, by representing that the persons who talked of Sir Ulick were quite ignorant of his connexion with him, spoke only according to general opinion, and to the best of their belief, of a public character who was fair game. It was at that time much the fashion

among a certain set in Dublin to try their wit upon each other in political and poetical squibs:—the more severe, the more bitter these were, the more they were admired; the talent for invective was in the highest demand at this period in Ireland, it was considered as the unequivocal proof of intellectual superiority. The display of it was admired, as it could not be enjoyed without a double portion of that personal promptitude to give the *satisfaction of a gentleman*, on which the Irish pride themselves: the taste of the nation, both for oratory and manners, has become of late years so much more refined, that when any of the lampoons of that day are now recollected, people are surprised at the licence of abuse which was then tolerated, and even approved in fashionable society. Sir Ulick O'Shane, as a well known public character, had been the subject of a variety of puns, bon mots, songs, and epigrams, which

had become so numerous as to be collected under the title of Ulysseana.—Upon the late separation of Sir Ulick and his lady, a new edition, with a caricature frontispiece, had been published; unfortunately for Ormond, this had just worked its way from Dublin to this part of the country.

It happened one day, at a gentleman's house, where this Ulysseana had not yet been seen, a lady, a visitor and a stranger, full of some of the lines which she had learned by heart, began to repeat them for the amusement of the tea-table. Ladies do not always consider how much mischief they may do by such imprudence, nor how they may hazard valuable lives for the sake of producing a *sensation* by the repetition of *a severe thing*. Ormond came into the room after dinner, and with some other gentlemen gathered round the tea-table, while the lady was repeating some extracts from the new

edition of the Ulysscana. The master and mistress of the house made reiterated attempts to stop the lady, but she was too intent upon herself and her second-hand wit, to comprehend or take these hints, she went on reciting the following lines:

To serve in Parliament the nation,
Sir Ulick read his recantation:
At first he joined the patriot throng,
But soon perceiving he was wrong,
He ratted to the courtier tribe,
Bought by a title and a bribe;
But how that new found friend to bind
With any oath—of any kind,
Disturb'd the *premier's* wary mind.
" *Upon his faith.—Upon his word.*"
Oh! that, my friend, is too absurd.
" *Upon his honour.*"—Quite a jest.
" *Upon his conscience.*"—No such test.
" *By all he has on earth.*"—'Tis gone.
" *By all his hopes of heav'n.*"—They're none.
" How then secure him in our pay,
He can't be trusted for a day?"
How?—When you want the fellow's throat,
Pay by the job,—you have his vote.

Sir Ulick himself, had he been present, would have laughed off the epigram with the best grace imaginable, and so, in good policy, ought Ormond to have taken it. But he felt it too much, and was not in the habit of laughing when he was vexed. Most of the company, who knew any thing of his connexion with Sir Ulick, or who understood the agonising looks of the master and mistress of the house, politely refrained from smiles or applause; but a cousin of the lady who repeated the lines, a young man, who was one of the hateful tribe of *quizzers*, on purpose to *try* Ormond, praised the verses to the skies, and appealed to him for his opinion.

"I can't admire them, Sir," replied Ormond.

"What fault can you find with them?" said the young man, winking at the by-standers.

"I think them *incorrect* in the first

place, Sir," said Ormond, "and altogether I think them indifferent."

"Well, at any rate they can't be called *moderate*," said the young gentleman, "and as to incorrect, the substance I fancy is correctly true."

"*Fancy*, Sir!—It would be hard if character were to be at the mercy of fancy," cried Ormond, hastily, but checking himself, he, in a mild tone, added, "before we go any further, Sir, I should inform you that I am a ward of Sir Ulick O'Shane's."

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed the lady, who had repeated the verses, "I am sure I did not know that, or I would never have said a word—I declare I beg your pardon, Sir."

Ormond's bow and smile, spoke his perfect satisfaction with the lady's contrition, and his desire to relieve her from further anxiety. So the matter might have happily ended, but her cousin, though he had begun merely with

an intention to *try* Ormond's temper, now felt piqued by Harry's spirit, and thought it incumbent upon him to persist. Having drank enough to be ill humoured, he, in an aggravating and ill bred manner, replied—

"Your being Sir Ulick O'Shane's ward may make a difference in your feelings, Sir, but I don't see why it should make any in my opinion."

"In the expression of that opinion at least, Sir, I think it ought."

The master of the house now interfered, to explain and pacify, and Ormond had presence of mind and command enough over himself to say no more while the ladies were present; he sat down, and began talking about some trifle in a gay tone, but his flushed cheek, and altered manner, shewed that he was only repressing other feelings.—The carriages of the visitors were announced, and the strangers rose to depart. Ormond accompanied the master of the

house to hand the ladies to their carriages. To mark his being in perfect charity with the fair penitent, he shewed her particular attention, which quite touched her, and as he put her into her carriage, she, all the time, repeated her apologies, declared it should be a lesson to her for life, and cordially shook hands with him at parting. For her sake, he wished that nothing more should be said on the subject. But, on his return to the hall, he found there the cousin, buttoning on his great coat, seeming loth to depart: still in ill humour, the gentleman said—

"I hope you are satisfied with that lady's apologies, Mr. Ormond."

"I am, Sir, perfectly."

"That's lucky: for apologies are easier had from ladies than gentlemen, and become them better."

"I think it becomes a gentleman as well as a lady to make candid apologies, where they are conscious of be-

ing wrong—if there was no intention to give offence."

"*If* is a great peace-maker, Sir, but I scorn to take advantage of an *if*."

"Am I to suppose then, Sir," said Ormond, "that it was your intention to offend me?"

"Suppose what you please, Sir, I am not in the habit of explanation or apology."

"Then, Sir, the sooner we meet the better," said Ormond.

In consequence Ormond applied to an officer present, whose conduct on the occasion had been perfectly gentleman-like, to be his second. Ormond felt that he had restrained his anger sufficiently—he was now as firm as he had been temperate.—The parties met and fought: the man who deserved to have suffered, by the chance of this rational mode of deciding right and wrong, escaped unhurt; Ormond received a wound in his arm.—It was only a flesh wound,—

He was at the house of a very hospitable gentleman, whose family were kind to him: the inconvenience and pain were easily borne. In the opinion of all, in that part of the world, who knew the facts, he had conducted himself as well as the circumstances would permit; and, as it was essential, not only to the character of a hero, but of a gentleman at that time in Ireland, to fight a duel, we may consider Ormond as fortunate in not having been in the wrong. He rose in favour with the ladies, and in credit with the gentlemen, and he heard no more of the Ulysseana; but he was concerned to see paragraphs in all the Irish papers, about the duel that had been fought between M. N. Esq. jun. of ——, and H. O. Esq. in consequence of a dispute that arose about some satirical verses repeated by a lady on a certain well-known character nearly related to one of the parties.

A flaming account of the duel followed,

in which there was the usual newspaper proportion of truth and falsehood: Ormond knew, and regretted that this paragraph must meet the eyes of his guardian; and still more he was sorry, that Dr. Cambray should see it. He knew the doctor's christian abhorrence of the system of duelling altogether; and, by the statement in the papers, it appeared that that gallant youth, H. O. Esq., to whom the news writer evidently wished to do honour, had been far more forward to provoke the fight, than he had been, or than he ought to have been:—his own plain statement of facts, which he wrote to Dr. Cambray, would have set every thing to rights, but his letter crossed the doctor's on the road. As he was now in a remote place, which the delightful mail coach road had not then reached—where the post came in only three days in the week—and where the mail cart either broke down, lost a wheel, had a tired horse, was overturned or robbed, at an average

once a fortnight; our hero had nothing for it but to take patience, and amuse himself by calculating dates and chances upon his restless sofa.—His taste for reading stood him in stead upon this occasion, and enabled him to pass agreeably some of the hours of bodily confinement, which men, and young men accustomed to a great deal of exercise, liberty, and locomotion, generally find so intolerably irksome. At length his wound was well enough for him to travel —letters for him arrived: a warm, affectionate one from his guardian; and one from Dr. Cambray, which relieved his anxiety.

"I must tell you, my dear young friend," said Doctor Cambray, "that while you have been defending Sir Ulick O'Shane's public character, (of which, by the by, you know nothing,) I have been defending your private character, of which I hope and believe I know something. The truth always is known

in time, with regard to every character, and therefore, independently of other motives, moral and religious, it is more prudent to trust to time and truth for their defence, than to sword and pistol. I know you are impatient to hear what were the reports to your disadvantage, and from whom I had them. I had them from the Annalys, and they heard them in England, through various circuitous channels of female correspondents in Ireland. As far as we can trace them, we think that they originated with your old friend Miss Black. The first account Lady Annaly heard of you after she went to England was, that you were living a most dissolute life in the Black Islands with king Corny, who was described to be a profligate rebel, and his companion, an excommunicated catholic priest. King, priest, and *prince Harry*, getting drunk together regularly every night of their lives. The next account which Lady Annaly received some months

afterwards, in reply to inquiries she had made from her agent was, that it was impossible to know any thing for certain of Mr. Harry Ormond, as he always *kept* in the Black Islands. The report was, that he had lately seduced a girl of the name of Peggy Sheridan, a respectable gardener's daughter, who was going to be married to a man of the name of Moriarty Carroll, a person whom Mr. Ormond had formerly shot in some unfortunate drunken quarrel. The match between her and Moriarty had been broken off in consequence.—The following year accounts were worse and worse. This Harry Ormond had gained the affections of his benefactor's daughter, who, as he had been warned by her father, was betrothed to another man. The young lady was afterwards, by her father's anger, and by Ormond's desertion of her, thrown into the arms of a French adventurer, whom Ormond brought into the house, under pretence

of learning French from him. Immediately after the daughter's elopement with the French master, the poor father died suddenly, in some extraordinary manner, when out shooting with this Mr. Ormond, to whom a considerable landed property, and a large legacy in money, were, to every body's surprise, found to be left in a will which *he* produced, and which the family did not think fit to dispute. There were strange circumstances told concerning the wake and burial, all tending to prove, that this Harry Ormond had lost all feeling.—Hints were further given, that he had renounced the Protestant religion, and had turned Catholic for the sake of absolution."

Many times during the perusal of this extravagant tissue of falsehoods, Ormond laid down and resumed the paper, unable to refrain from exclamations of indignation and contempt;—sometimes almost laughing at the absurdity of the

slander. "After this," thought he, "who can mind common reports:—and yet Dr. Cambray says, that these excited some prejudice against me in the mind of Lady Annaly.—With such a woman I should have thought it imposible.—Could she believe me capable of such crimes:—*me*, of whom she had once a good opinion?—*me*, in whose fate she said she was interested?"

He took Dr. Cambray's letter again, and read on; he found that Lady Annaly had not credited these reports, as to the atrocious accusations; but they had so far operated, as to excite doubts and suspicions. In some of the circumstances, there was a sufficient spice of truth to preserve the falsehood. For example, with regard both to Peggy Sheridan and Dora the truth had been plausibly mixed with falsehood. The story of Peggy Sheridan, Lady Annaly had some suspicion might be true. Her ladyship, who had seen Moriarty's generous

conduct to Ormond, was indignant at his ingratitude. She was a woman prompt to feel strong indignation against all that was base; and, when her indignation was excited, sometimes was incapable of hearing what was said on the other side of the question. Her daughter Florence, of a calmer temper and cooler judgment, usually acted as moderator on these occasions. She could not believe that Harry Ormond had been guilty of faults, that were so opposite to the sort which they had seen in his disposition:—violence, not treachery, was his fault. But why, if there was nothing wrong, Lady Annaly urged—why did not he write to her, as she had requested he would, when his plans for his future life were decided?—She had told him, that her son might probably be able to assist him.—Why could not he write one line?

Ormond had heard that her son was ill, and that her mind was so absorbed with anxiety, that he could not at

first venture to intrude upon her with his selfish concerns. This was his first and best reason; but afterwards, to be sure, when he heard that the son was better, he might have written.—He wrote at that time such a sad scrawl of a hand, he was so little used to letter-writing, that he was ashamed to write.—Then it was *too late* after so long a silence, &c. Foolish as these reasons were, they had, as we have said before, acted upon our young hero, and have, perhaps, in as important circumstances, prevented many young men from writing to friends able and willing to serve them. It was rather fortunate for Ormond, that slander did not stop at the first plausible falsehoods; when the more atrocious charges came against him, Miss Annaly, who had never deserted his cause, declared her absolute disbelief. The discussions that went on between her and her mother, kept alive their interest about this young man. He was likely to have been

forgotten during their anxiety in the son's illness; but fresh reports had brought him to their recollection frequently; and when their friend Dr. Cambray was appointed to the living of Castle Hermitage, his evidence perfectly reinstated Harry in Lady Annaly's good opinion.—As if to make amends for the injustice she had done him by believing any part of the evil reports, she was now anxious to see him again. A few days after Dr. Cambray wrote, Ormond received a very polite and gratifying letter from Lady Annaly, requesting, that as "Annaly" lay in his route homewards, he would spend a few days there, and give her an opportunity of making him acquainted with her son. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this invitation was eagerly accepted.

CHAP. XXII.

UPON his arrival at Annaly, Ormond found that Dr. Cambray and all his family were there.

"Yes," all your friends," said Lady Annaly, as Ormond looked round with pleasure, "all your friends, Mr. Ormond, you must allow me an old right to be of that number—and here is my son, who is as well inclined as I hope you feel, to pass over the intermediate formality of new acquaintanceship, and to become intimate with you as soon as possible."

Sir Herbert Annaly confirmed, by the polite cordiality of his manner, all that his mother promised, adding that their mutual friend Dr. Cambray had ade him al-

ready so fully acquainted with Mr. Ormond, that though he had never had the pleasure of seeing him before, he could not consider him as a stranger.

Florence Annaly was beautiful, but not one of those beauties who strike at first sight. Hers was a face, which neither challenged nor sued for admiration. There was no expression thrown into the eyes or the eyebrows, no habitual smile on the lips—the features were all in natural repose, the face never expressed any thing but what the mind really felt.—But if any just observation was made in Miss Annaly's company, any stroke of genius, that countenance instantly kindled into light and life; and if any noble sentiment were expressed, if any generous action were related, then the soul within illumined the countenance with a *ray divine.*—When once Ormond had seen this, his eye returned in hopes of seeing it again—he had an indescribable interest and pleasure in

studying a countenance, which seemed so true an index to a noble and cultivated mind, to a heart of delicate, but not morbid sensibility.—His manners and understanding had been formed and improved, beyond what could have been expected from the few opportunities of improvement he had till lately enjoyed.—He was timid, however, in conversation with those of whose information and abilities he had a high opinion, so that at first he did not do himself justice; but in his timidity there was no awkwardness; it was joined with such firmness of principle, and such a resolute, manly character, that he was peculiarly engaging to women.

During his first visit at Annaly, he pleased much, and was so much pleased with every individual of the family, with their manners, their conversation, their affection for each other, and altogether with their mode of living, that he declared to Dr. Cambray he never had

been so happy in his whole existence. It was a remarkable fact, however, that he spoke much more of Lady Annaly and Sir Herbert, than of Miss Annaly.

He had never before felt so very unwilling to leave any place, or so exceedingly anxious to be invited to repeat his visit. – He did receive the wished for invitation and it was given in such a manner as left him no doubt, that he might indulge his own ardent desire to return, and to cultivate the friendship of this family. His ardour for foreign travel, his desire to see more of the world, greatly abated, and before he reached Castle Hermitage, and by the time he saw his guardian, he had almost forgotten, that Sir Ulick had traced for him a course of travels through the British islands and the most polished parts of the Continent.

He now told Sir Ulick, that it was so far advanced in the season, that he

thought it better to spend the winter in Ireland.

"In Dublin instead of London?" said Sir Ulick, smiling, "very patriotic, and very kind to me, for I am sure I am your first object—and depend upon it few people—ladies always excepted—will ever like your company better than I do."

Then Sir Ulick went over rapidly every subject, and every person which could lead his ward further to explain his feelings; but now, as usual, he wasted his address, for the ingenuous young man directly opened his whole heart to him.

"I am impatient to tell you, Sir," said he, "how very kindly I was received by Lady Annaly."

"She is very kind," said Sir Ulick—"I suppose, in general, you have found yourself pretty well received, wherever you have gone—not to flatter you too much on your mental or personal qualifi-

cations, and no disparagement to Dr. Cambray's letters of introduction or my own, five or six thousand a year is, I have generally observed, a tolerably good passport into society, a sufficient passe-partout."

"Passe-partout!—-not *partout*—-not quite sufficient at Annaly, you cannot mean, Sir—"

"Oh! I cannot mean any thing, but that Annaly is altogether the eighth wonder of the world," said Sir Ulick, "and all the men and women in it, absolutely angels—perfect angels."

"No, Sir, if you please, not perfect —for I have heard—though I own I never saw it, that perfection is always stupid—-now certainly that the Annalys are not."

"Well, well, they shall be as imperfect as you like—any thing to please you—"

"But, Sir, you used to be so fond of the Annalys, I remember."

"True, and did I tell you that I have changed my opinion?"

"Your manner, though not your words, tells me so."

"You mistake—the fact is—for I always treat you, Harry, with perfect candour—I was hurt and vexed by their refusal of my son.—But, after all," added he with a deep sigh, "it was Marcus's own fault—he has been very dissipated.—Miss Annaly was right, and her mother quite right I own.—Lady Annaly is one of the most respectable women in Ireland—and Miss Annaly is a charming girl—I never saw any girl I should have liked so much for my daughter-in-law.—But Marcus and I don't always agree in our tastes—I don't think the refusal there was half as great a mortification and disappointment to him, as it was to me."

"You delight me, dear Sir," cried Ormond, "for then I may feel secure, that if ever in future—I don't mean in

the least that I have any present thought —it would be absurd—it would be ridiculous—it would be quite improper—you know I was only there ten days. —But I mean if, in future, I should ever have any thoughts—any serious thoughts—"

"Well, well," said Sir Ulick, laughing at Ormond's hesitation and embarrassment—"I can suppose that you will have thoughts of some kind or other, and serious thoughts in due course, but, as you justly observe, it would be quite ridiculous at present."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," interrupted Harry, "but it would even at present be an inexpressible satisfaction to me to know, that if in future such a thing should occur, I should be secure in the first place of your approbation."

"As to that, my dear boy," said Sir Ulick, "you know in a few days you will be at years of discretion—my control ceases."

"Yes, Sir,—but not my anxiety for your approbation, and my deference for your opinion."

"Then," said Sir Ulick, "and without circumlocution or nonsense, I tell you at once, Harry Ormond, Florence Annaly is the woman in the world I should like best to see your wife."

"Thank you, Sir, for this explicit answer—I am sure towards me nothing can have been more candid and kind, than your whole conduct has ever been."

"That's true, Harry!" exclaimed Sir Ulick—"tell me about this duel—you have fought a duel in defence of my conduct and my character, I understand, since I saw you.—But, my dear fellow, though I am excessively obliged to you, I am exceedingly angry with you—how could you possibly be so hotheaded and silly as to *take up* any man for relishing the Ulysseana—bless ye, I relish it myself—I only laugh at such things—believe me, 'tis the best way."

"I am sure of it, Sir, if one can; and, indeed, I have had pretty good proof, that one should despise reports and scandal of all kinds—easier for oneself sometimes, than for one's friends."

"Yes, my dear Ormond, by the time you have been half as long living in the great and the political world, as I have been, you will be quite case-hardened, and will hear your friends abused, without feeling it in the least. —Believe me—I once was troubled with a great deal of susceptibility like yours —but after all, 'tis no bad thing for you to have fought a duel—a feather in your cap with the ladies, and a warning to all impertinent fellows to let you alone —but you were wounded, the newspaper said—I asked you where, three times in my letters, you never condescended to answer me—answer me now, I insist upon it."

"In my arm, Sir—a slight scratch—".

"Slight scratch or not, I must hear

all about it—come tell me exactly how the thing began and ended—tell me all the rascals said of me—you won't? Then I'll tell you, they said, 'I am the greatest jobber in Ireland—that I do not mind how I throw away the public money—in short that I am a sad political profligate.'—Well! well! I am sure after all, they did me the justice to acknowledge, that in private life no man's honour is more to be depended on."

"They did do you that justice, Sir," said Ormond, "but pray ask me no further questions—for frankly it is disagreeable to me—and I will tell you no more."

"That's frank," said Sir Ulick, "and I as frankly assure you, I am perfectly satisfied."

"Then to return to the Annalys," said Ormond, "I never saw Sir Herbert till now—I like him—I like his principles—his love of his country—his attachment to his family."

"He's a very fine fellow—no better fellow than Herbert Annaly—But as for his attachment to his family, who thanks him for that? Who could help it, with such a family?—And his love for his country—every body loves his country."

"More or less, I suppose," said Ormond.

"But, upon my word, I entirely agree with you about Sir Herbert—though I know he is prejudiced against me to the last degree."

"If he is, I don't know it, Sir—I never found it out."

"He will let it out by and by—I only hope he will not prejudice you against me."

"That is not very easily done, Sir."

"As you have given some proof, my dear boy, and I thank you for it. But the Annalys would go more cautiously to work—I only put you on your guard—Marcus and Sir Herbert never could

hit it off together--And I am afraid the breach between us and the Annalys must be widened—for Marcus must stand against Sir Herbert at the next election, if he lives—Pray how is he?"

"Not strong, Sir—he has a hectic colour—as I was very sorry to see."

"Aye, poor fellow—he broke some blood vessel, I think Marcus told me, when they were in England."

"Yes, Sir, so Lady Annaly told me—it was in over exerting himself in extinguishing a fire."

"A very fine spirited fellow he is, no doubt," said Sir Ulick, "but, after all, that was rather a foolish thing, in his state of health.——By the by, as your guardian, it is my duty to explain the circumstances of this family to you—in case you should ever hereafter *have any serious thoughts* as you say, you should know what comforted Marcus in his disappointment there. There is, then, some confounded flaw in that old father's

will, through which the great Herbert estate slips to an heir at law, who has started up within this twelvemonth—Miss Annaly, who was to have been a nonpareil of an heiress, in case of the brother's death, will have but a moderate fortune; and the poor dowager will be but scantily provided for, after all the magnificence which she has been used to, unless he lives to make up something handsome for them. I don't know the particulars, but I know that a vast deal depends on his living till he has levied certain fines, which he ought to have levied, instead of amusing himself putting out other people's fires. But I am excessively anxious about it, and now on your account as well as theirs, for it would make a great difference to you, if you seriously have any *thoughts* of Miss Annaly."

Ormond declared this could make no difference to him, since his own fortune would be sufficient for all the wishes

of such a woman as he supposed her to be.

The next day Marcus O'Shane arrived from England. This was the first time that Ormond and he had met since the affair of Moriarty, and the banishment from Castle Hermitage. The meeting was awkward enough, notwithstanding Sir Ulick's attempts to make it otherwise—Marcus laboured under the double consciousness of having deserted Harry in past adversity, and of being jealous of his present prosperity. Ormond at first went forward to meet him more than half way with great cordiality, but the cold politeness of Marcus chilled him; and the heartless congratulations, and frequent allusions in the course of the first hour to Ormond's new fortune and consequence, offended our young hero's pride. He grew more reserved, the more complimentary Marcus became, especially as in all his compliments there was a mixture of *persiflage,* which Mar-

cus trusted erroneously that Ormond's untutored, unpractised ear would not perceive.

Harry sat silent, proudly indignant. He valued himself on being something, and somebody, independently of his fortune—he had worked hard to become so—he had the consciousness of tried integrity, resolution, and virtue about him; and was it to be implied that he was only *somebody*, in consequence of his having chanced to become heir to so many thousand pounds a year? Neither as flattery nor *persiflage* could he bear this—much less could he endure to have Marcus suppose, that he could at once flatter and sneer at him. Sir Ulick, whose address was equal to most occasions, was not able to manage so as to make these young men like one another. Marcus had an old jealousy of Harry's favour with his father, of his father's affection for Harry; and at the present moment he was conscious, that his father

was, with just cause, much displeased with him. Of this Harry knew nothing, but Marcus suspected that his father had told Ormond every thing, and this increased the awkwardness and ill humour that Marcus felt; and notwithstanding all his knowledge of the world, and conventional politeness, he shewed his vexation in no well bred manner. —He was now in particular bad humour, in consequence of a *scrape*, as he called it, which he had got into, during his last winter in London, respecting an intrigue, commenced with a married lady of rank. Marcus, by some intemperate expressions, had brought on the discovery, of which, when it was too late, he repented. A public trial was likely to be the consequence—the damages would doubtless be laid at the least at ten thousand pounds. Marcus, however, counting, as sons sometimes do, in calculating their father's fortune, all the credit, and knowing nothing of the

debtor side of the account, conceived his father's wealth to be inexhaustible. Lady O'Shane's large fortune had cleared off all debts, and had set Sir Ulick up in a bank, which was in high credit;—then he had shares in a canal and in a silver mine—he held two lucrative sinecure places—had bought estates in three counties—the son did not know, that for the borrowed purchase-money of two of the estates, Sir Ulick was now paying high and accumulating interest; so that the prospect of being called upon for ten thousand pounds was most alarming. In this exigency Sir Ulick, who had long foreseen how the affair was likely to terminate, had his eye upon his ward's ready money. It was for this he had been at such peculiar pains to ingratiate himself with Ormond. His fondness for Ormond, nevertheless, made him hesitate—he was unwilling to injure him, or to hazard his property—very unwilling to prey upon

his generosity—still more so after the late handsome manner, in which his ward had hazarded his life in defence of his guardian's honour.

Sir Ulick who saw, the first evening that Marcus and Ormond met, that Marcus was not going the way to assist these views, pointed out to him how much it was for his interest to conciliate Ormond, and to establish himself in his good opinion—but Marcus, though he saw and acknowledged this, could not submit his pride and temper to the necessary restraint. For a few hours he would display his hereditary talents, and all the acquired graces of polished society; but the next hour his ill humour would break out, in a way which Ormond's generous spirit could not bear, to his inferiors, to his father's tenants and dependants. Before he went to England, even from his boyish days, Marcus's manners had been habitually haughty and tyrannical to the lower

class of people. Ormond and he had always differed, and often quarrelled on this subject. Ormond hoped to find Marcus's manners altered in this respect by his residence in a more polished country. But the external polish he had acquired had not reached the mind —high bred society had taught him only to be polite to his equals: he was now still more disposed to be insolent to his inferiors, especially to his Irish inferiors. He affected now to consider himself as more than half an Englishman— and returning from London in all the distress and disgrace to which he had reduced himself by criminal indulgence in the vices of fashionable, and what he called *refined* society, he vented his ill humour on his countrymen, on the poor Irish peasants—the *natives*, as he termed them, in derision.—He spoke to them always as if they were slaves, he considered them as barbarians and savages. Marcus had, early in life, almost before

he knew the real distinctions, or more than the names of the different parties in Ireland, been a strong party man. He called himself a government man—but he was one of those partizans, whom every wise and good administration in Ireland has discountenanced and disclaimed. He was, in short, one of those; who have made their politics an excuse to their conscience for the indulgence of a violent temper.

Ormond was indignant at the inveterate prejudice, that Marcus shewed against a poor man, whom he had injured, but who had never injured him. The moment Marcus saw Moriarty Carroll again, and heard his name mentioned, he exclaimed and reiterated, "That's a bad fellow—I know him of old—all those Carrolls are rascals and rebels."

Marcus looked with a sort of disdainful spleen at the house, which Ormond had fitted up for Moriarty.

"So, you stick to this fellow still!—What a dupe, Ormond, this Moriarty has made of you!" said Marcus, "but that's not my affair,—I only wonder how you wheedled my father out of the ground for the garden here."

"There was no wheedling in the case," said Ormond, "your father gave it freely, or I should not have accepted it."

"You were very good to accept it, no doubt," said Marcus, in an ironical tone, "I know I have asked my father for a garden to a cottage before now, and have been refused."

Sir Ulick came up just as this was said, and, alarmed at the tone of voice, used all his address to bring his son back to good temper—and he might have succeeded, but that Peggy Sheridan *that was*, chanced to appear at that instant.

"Who is that?" cried Marcus, "Peggy Sheridan, as I live! is not it?"

"No, please your honour,—but Peggy

Sheridan that was—Peggy Carroll *that is*," said Peggy, curtsying, with a slight blush, and an arch smile.

" So, you have married that Moriarty at last."

" I have, please your honour—he is a very honest boy—and I'm very happy—if your honour's pleased."

" Who persuaded your father to this, pray, contrary to my advice?"

" Nobody at all, plase your honour," said Peggy, looking frightened.

" Why do you say that, Peggy," said Ormond, " when you know it was I persuaded your father to give his consent to your marriage with Moriarty."

" You! Mr. Ormond! Oh, I comprehend it all, now," said Marcus, with his slight sneering look and tone, " No doubt you had good reasons."

Poor Peggy blushed deepest crimson.

" I understand it all now," said Marcus, " I understand you now, Harry!"

Ormond's anger rose, and with a look of high disdain, he replied—

"You understand *me*, now! no, nor ever will, nor ever can. Our minds are unintelligible to each other."

Then turning from him, Ormond walked away with indignant speed.

"Peggy, don't I see something like a cow yonder, *getting her bread* at my expense?" said Sir Ulick, directing Peggy's eye to a gap in the hedge by the road-side. "Whose cow is that at the top of the ditch, half through my hedge?"

"I can't say, please your honour," said Peggy, "if it wouldn't be Paddy M'Grath's——Betty M'Greggor!" cried she, calling to a bare footed girl—"Whose cow is yonder?"

"Oh, marcy! but if it isn't our own red rogue—and when I tied her legs three times myself, the day;" said the girl, running to drive away the cow.

"Oh, she strays and trespasses strangely, the red cow, for want of the little spot your honour promised her," said Peggy.

"Well, run and save my hedge from her now, my pretty Peggy, and I will find the little spot for her to-morrow," said Sir Ulick.

Away ran Peggy after the cow—while lowering Marcus cursed them all three. Pretty Peg he swore ought to be banished the estate—the cow ought to be hamstrung, instead of having *a spot* promised her—"but this is the way, Sir, you ruin the country and the people," said he to his father.

"Be that as it may, I do not ruin myself as you do, Marcus," replied the cool Sir Ulick. "Never mind the cow—nonsense! I am not thinking of a cow."

"Nor I either, Sir."

"Then follow Harry Ormond directly, and make him understand that he misunderstood you," said Sir Ulick.

"Excuse me, Sir, I cannot bend to him," said Marcus.

"And you expect that he will lend

you ten thousand pounds at your utmost need?"

"The money, with your estate, can be easily raised elsewhere, Sir," said Marcus.

"I tell you, it cannot, Sir," said the father.

"I cannot bend to Ormond, Sir—to any body but him—any thing but that—my pride cannot stoop to that."

"Your pride!—'pride that licks the dust,'" thought Sir Ulick. It was in vain for the politic father to remonstrate with the headstrong son. The whole train which Sir Ulick had laid with so much skill was, he feared, at the moment when his own delicate hand was just preparing to give the effective touch, blown up by the rude impatience of his son. Sir Ulick, however, never lost time or opportunity in vain regret for the past. Even in the moment of disappointment he looked to the future. He saw the danger of keeping two young

men together, who had such incompatible tempers and characters. He was, therefore, glad when he met Ormond again, to hear him propose his returning to Annaly, and he instantly acceded to the proposal.

"Castle Hermitage, I know, my dear boy, cannot be as pleasant to you just now, as I could wish to make it—we have nobody here now—and Marcus—is not all I could wish him," said Sir Ulick, with a sigh. "He had always a jealousy of my affection for you, Harry—it cannot be helped—we do not chuse our own children—but we must abide by them—you must perceive that things are not going on quite rightly between my son and me."

"I am sorry for it, Sir—especially as I am convinced I can do no good, and therefore wish not to interfere."

"I believe you are right—though I part from you with regret."

"I shall be within your reach, Sir,

you know—whenever you wish for me, if ever I can be of the least use to *you*, summon me, and I am at your orders."

"Thank you! but stay one moment," said Sir Ulick, with a sudden look of recollection, "You will be of age in a few days, Harry—we ought to settle accounts, should not we?"

"Whenever you please, Sir—no hurry on my part—but you have advanced me a great deal of money lately, I ought to settle that."

"Oh, as to that—a mere trifle—If you are in no hurry, I am in none—for I shall have business enough on my hands during these few days, before Lady Norton fills the house again with company—I am certainly a little hurried now."

"Then, Sir, do not think of my business—I cannot be better off, you know, than I am—I assure you I am sensible of that—Never mind the accounts, only send for me whenever I can be of any use or pleasure to you—I need not make

speeches—I trust, my dear guardian,—my father, when I was left fatherless,—I trust you believe I have some gratitude in me."

"I do," cried Sir Ulick, much moved, "and, by Heaven, it is impossible to—I mean—in short, it is impossible not to love you, Harry Ormond."

CHAP. XXIII.

THERE are people who can go on very smoothly with those whose principles and characters they despise and dislike.—There are people who, provided they live in *company*, are happy, and care but little of what the company is composed. But our young hero certainly was not one of these contemptibly contented people. He was perhaps too much in the other extreme. He could not, without overt words, or looks of indignation, endure the presence of those whose characters or principles he despised—he could not even, without manifest symptoms of restlessness or ennui, submit long to live with mere companions; he re-

quired to have friends; nor could he make a friend from ordinary materials, however smooth the grain, or however fine the polish they might take. Even when the gay world at Castle Hermitage was new to him, amused and enchanted as he was at first with that brilliant society, he could not have been content or happy without his friends at Vicar's Vale, to whom, once at least in the four and twenty hours, he found it necessary to open his heart. We may then judge how happy he now felt in returning to Annaly: after the sort of moral constraint which he had endured in the company of Marcus O'Shane, we may guess what an expansion of heart took place. —A phlegmatic observer might have thought, that the young man was absolutely in love with Lady Annaly: indeed she had the power of making her company peculiarly agreeable to youth.—Quite content herself to be elderly, she sympathized with all the feelings of the

young; so that, as Ormond said of her, —"She enjoyed many of the pleasures attendant upon early life with all the privileges of age."

The family union and domestic happiness, which he saw at Annaly, certainly struck him at this time more forcibly, from the contrast with what he had just seen at Castle Hermitage. The effect of contrast, however, is but transient. It is powerful as a dramatic resource, but in real life it is of no permanent consequence. There was here a charm which operates with as great certainty, and with a power secure of increasing instead of diminishing from habit. The charm of *domestic politeness*, in the every day manners of this mother, son, and daughter, towards each other, as well as towards their guests. Ormond saw and felt it irresistibly. He saw the most delicate attentions combined with entire sincerity, perfect ease, and constant respect; the result of the early habits of good breeding

acting upon the feelings of genuine affection. The external polish, which Ormond now admired, was very different from that varnish, which often is hastily applied to hide imperfections. This polish was of the substance itself, to be obtained only by long use; but, once acquired, lasting for ever: not only beautiful but serviceable, preserving from the injuries of time, and from the dangers of familiarity.

What influence the sister's charms might have to increase Ormond's admiration of the brother, we shall not presume to determine; but certainly he liked Sir Herbert Annaly better than any young man he had ever seen. Sir Herbert was some years older than Ormond; he was in his twenty-seventh year: but at this age he had done more good in life, than many men ever accomplished during their whole existence.—Sir Herbert's principal estates were in another part of Ireland.—Dr. Cambray

had visited them. The account he gave Ormond of all that had been done there to improve the people and to make them happy; of the prosperous state of the peasantry; their industry and independance; their grateful, not servile attachment to Sir Herbert Annaly and his mother; the veneration in which the name of Annaly was held; delighted the enthusiastic Ormond.

The name of Annaly was growing wonderfully dear to him; and, all of a sudden, the interest he felt in the details of a country gentleman's life were amazingly increased. At times, when the ladies were engaged, he accompanied Sir Herbert in visiting his estate.—He had never till lately resided at Annaly, which had, within but a short time, reverted to his possession, in consequence of the death of the person to whom it had been let. Sir Herbert found much that wanted improvement in the land, and more in the people.

This estate stretched along the sea-shore—the tenants whom he found living near the coast were an idle, profligate, desperate set of people; who, during the time of the late middle landlord, had been in the habit of *making their rents* by nefarious practices. The best of the set were merely idle fishermen, whose habits of trusting to their *luck* incapacitated them from industry—the others were illicit distillers—smugglers—and miscreants who lived by *waifs* and *strays*; in short, by the pillage of vessels on the coast. The coast was dangerous,—there happened frequent shipwrecks; owing partly, as was supposed, to the false lights hung out by these people, whose interest it was that vessels should be wrecked. Shocked at these practices, Sir Herbert Annaly had, from the moment he came into possession of the estate, exerted himself to put a stop to them, and to punish where he could not reform the offenders.—The people

at first pleaded a sort of *tenant's right,* which they thought a landlord could scarcely resist. They protested that they could not make *the rent,* if they were not allowed to make it their own way; and shewed, beyond a doubt, that Sir Herbert could not get half as much for his land in those parts, if he looked too scrupulously into the means by which it was made. They brought, in corroboration of their arguments or assertions, the example and constant practice of "many as good a jantleman as any in Ireland, who had his rent made up for him that ways, very ready and punctual. There was his honour, Mr. Such-a-one, and so on; and there was Sir Ulick O'Shane, sure! Oh! he was the man to live under—he was the man that knew when to wink and when to blink; and if he shut his eyes *properly,* sure his tenants filled his fist.—Oh! Sir Ulick was the great man for *favour and purtection,* none like him

at all!—He is the good landlord, that will fight the way clear for his own tenants through thick and thin—none dare touch them.—Oh! Sir Ulick's the kind jantleman that understands the law for the poor, and could bring them off at every turn, and show them the way through the holes in an act of parliament, asy as through a *riddle!* Oh, and if he could but afford to be half as good as his promises, Sir Ulick O'Shane would be too good entirely!"

Now Sir Ulick O'Shane had purchased a tract of ground adjoining to Sir Herbert's, on this coast; and he had bought it on the speculation, that he could set it at very high rent to these people, of whose *ways and means* of paying it he chose to remain in ignorance. All the tenants whom Sir Herbert *banished* from his estate flocked to Sir Ulick's.

By the sacrifice of his own immediate interest, and by great personal

exertion, strict justice, a generous and well secured system of reward, Sir Herbert already had produced a considerable change for the better in the morals and habits of the people. He was employing some of his tenants on the coast, in building a light-house, for which he had a grant from parliament; and he was endeavouring to establish a manufacture of sail cloth, for which there was sufficient demand. But almost at every step of his progress, he was impeded by the effects of the bad example of his neighbours on Sir Ulick's estates, and by the continual quarrels between the idle, discarded tenants, and their industrious and now prospering successors.

Whenever a vessel in distress was seen off the coast, there was a constant struggle between the two parties who had opposite interests; the one to save, the other to destroy. In this state of things, causes of complaint perpetually

occurred; and Ormond, who was present, when the accusers and the accused appealed to their landlord, sometimes as lord of the manor, sometimes as magistrate, had frequent opportunities of seeing both Sir Herbert's principles and temper put to the test.—Ormond's interest in the whole was increased by the share his guardian, or his guardian's tenantry, had in the business. Besides this, his attention was wakened to these subjects, for he might hereafter be a country gentleman; and, in similar situations, called upon to judge and to act for himself.—He liked to compare the different modes in which king Corny, his guardian, and Sir Herbert Annaly managed these things.—Sir Herbert governed neither by threats, punishments, abuse, nor tyranny; nor yet did he govern by promises nor bribery, *favour* and *protection*, like Sir Ulick.—He neither cajoled nor bullied—neither held it as

a principle, as Marcus did, that the people must be kept down, nor that the people must be deceived.—He treated them neither as slaves, subject to his will; nor as dupes, or objects on which to exercise his wit or his cunning.—He treated them as reasonable beings, and as his fellow creatures, whom he wished to improve, that he might make them and himself happy.—He spoke sense to them; he mixed that sense with wit and humour, in the proportion necessary to make it palatable to an Irishman.

In generosity there was a resemblance between the temper of Sir Herbert and of Corny; but to Ormond's surprise, and at first to his disappointment, Sir Herbert valued justice more than generosity. Ormond's heart on this point was often with king Corny, when his head was forced to be with Sir Herbert; but, by degrees, head and heart came together.—He became prac-

tically convinced, that justice is the virtue that works best for a constancy; and best serves every body's interest in time and in turn. Ormond now often said to himself—"Sir Herbert Annaly is but a few years older than I am; by the time I am his age, why should not I become as useful, and make as many human beings happy as he does?" In the mean time, the idea of marrying and settling in Ireland became every day more agreeable to Ormond; and France and Italy, which he had been so eager to visit, faded from his imagination. Sir Herbert and Lady Annaly, who had understood from Dr. Cambray, that Ormond was going to commence his grand tour immediately, and who had heard him make a number of preparatory inquiries when he had been first at Annaly, naturally turned the conversation often to the subject. They had looked out maps and prints, and they had taken down from their shelves the different books of tra-

vels, which might be most useful to him, with guides, and post-road books, and all that could speed the parting guest.—But the guest had no mind to part—every thing, every body at Annaly, he found so agreeable and so excellent. It must be a great satisfaction to a young man who has a grain of sense, and who feels that he is falling inevitably and desperately in love, to see that all the lady's family, as well as the object of his passion, are exactly the people whom he should wish of all others to make his friends for life. Here was every thing that could be desired, suitability of age, of fortune, of character, of temper, of tastes,—every thing that could make a marriage happy, could Ormond but win the heart of Florence Annaly. Was that heart disengaged?—He resolved to inquire first from his dear friend Doctor Cambray, who was much in the confidence of this family, a great favourite with Florence, and consequently dearer than ever to Ormond. He went directly

to Vicar's Vale to see and consult him, and Ormond thought he was confiding a profound secret to the Doctor, when first he spoke to him of his passion for Miss Annaly; but to his surprise, the Doctor told him he had seen it long ago, and his wife and daughters had all discovered it, even when they were first with him at Annaly.

"Is it possible?—and what do you all think?"

"We think that you would be a perfectly happy man, if you could win Miss Annaly; and we wish you success most sincerely.—But—"

"*But*—Oh! my dear Doctor, you alarm me beyond measure."

"What! by wishing you success?"

"No, but by something in your look and manner, and by that terrible *but*—you think that I shall never succeed?—you think that her heart is engaged;—if it be, tell me so at once, and I will set off for France to-morrow."

"My good Sir, you are always for

desperate measures; and you are in too great a hurry to come to a conclusion, before you have the means of forming any just conclusion.—Remember, I tell you, this precipitate temper of yours will some time or other bring some great evil upon you."

"I will be patient all my life afterwards, if you will only this instant tell me whether she is engaged."

"I do not know whether Miss Annaly's heart be disengaged or not—I can tell you only that she has had a number of brilliant offers, and that she has refused them all."

"That proves that she had not found one amongst them that she liked," said Ormond.

"Or that she liked some one better than all those whom she refused," said Dr. Cambray.

"That is true—that is possible—that is a dreadful possibility," said Ormond. "But do you think there is any probability of that."

"There is, I am sorry to tell you, my dear Ormond, a probability against you —but I can only state the facts in general.—I can form no opinion, for I have never had an opportunity of judging—I have never seen the two people together. —But there is a young gentleman of great merit, of suitable family and fortune, who is deeply in love with Miss Annaly, and who I presume has not been refused, for I understand he is soon to be here."

"To be here!" cried Ormond—"a man of great merit—I hope he is not an agreeable man."

"That's a vain hope," said Dr. Cambray; "he is a very agreeable man."

"*Very* agreeable!—What sort of person—grave or gay?—Like any body that I ever saw?"

"Yes, like a person that you have seen—and a person for whom I believe you have a regard;—like his own father, your dear king Corny's friend, General Albemarle."

"How extraordinary!—how unlucky!" said Ormond; "I would rather my rival was any one else than the son of a man I am obliged to—and a most dangerous rival he must be, if he have his father's merit, and his father's manners.—Oh! my dear Dr. Cambray, I am sure she likes him—and yet she could not be so cheerful in his absence, if she were much in love—I defy her;—and it is impossible that he can be as much in love with her as I am, else nothing could keep him from her."

"Nothing but his duty, I suppose you mean?"

"Duty!—What duty?"

"Why, there really are duties in this world to be performed, though a man in love is apt to forget it. Colonel Albemarle, being an officer, cannot quit his regiment, till he has obtained leave of absence."

"I am heartily glad of it," cried Ormond, "I will make the best use of my time before he comes.—But my dear

Doctor, do you think Lady Annaly,—do you think Sir Herbert wishes it to be?"

"I really cannot tell;—I know only that he is a particular friend of Sir Herbert's, and that I have heard Lady Annaly speak of him as being a young man of excellent character and high honour, for whom she has a great regard."

Ormond sighed.

"Heaven forgive me that sigh," said he, "I thought I never should be brought so low as to sigh at hearing of any man's excellent character and high honour.—But I certainly wish Colonel Albemarle had never been born.—Heaven preserve me from envy and jealousy."

Our young hero had need to repeat this prayer the next morning at breakfast, when Sir Herbert, on opening his letters, exclaimed, "My friend, Colonel Albemarle—"

And Lady Annaly, in a tone of joy—"Colonel Albemarle!—I hope he will soon be here."

Sir Herbert proceeded—"Cannot obtain leave of absence yet—but lives *in hopes*," said Sir Herbert, reading the letter, and handing it to his mother.

Ormond did not dare, did not think it honourable to make use of his eyes, though there now might have been a decisive moment for observation. No sound reached his ear from Miss Annaly's voice; but Lady Annaly spoke freely and decidedly in praise of Colonel Albemarle. As she read the letter, Sir Herbert, after asking Ormond three times whether he was not acquainted with General Albemarle, obtained for answer, that he "really did not know." In truth, Ormond did not know any thing at that moment. Sir Herbert surprised, and imagining that Ormond had not yet heard him, was going to repeat his question, but a look from his mother stopped him. A sudden light struck Lady Annaly. Mothers are remarkably quick sighted upon these occasions. There was a si-

lence of a few minutes, which appeared to poor Ormond to be a silence that would never be broken; it was broken by some slight observation which the brother and sister made to each other upon a paragraph in the newspaper, which they were reading together. Ormond took breath.

"She cannot love him, or she could not be thinking of a paragraph in the newspaper at this moment."

From this time forward Ormond was for some days in a continual state of agitation, reasoning as the passions reason, as ill as possible, on every, the slightest circumstance that occurred, from whence he might draw favourable or unfavourable omens. He was resolved—and that was prudent—not to speak of his own sentiments, till he was clear how matters stood about Colonel Albemarle; he was determined not to expose himself to the useless mortification of a refusal. While he was in this agony of uncertainty, one morning he went out to take

a solitary walk, that he might reflect at leisure. Just as he was turning from the avenue to the path that led to the wood, a car full of morning visitors appeared. Ormond endeavoured to avoid them, but not before he had been seen. A servant rode after him to beg to know "if he was Mr. Harry Ormond—if he was, one of the ladies on the car, Mrs. M'Crule, sent her compliments to him, and requested he would be so good to let her speak with him at the house, as she had a few words of consequence to say."

Mrs. M'Crule! Ormond did not immediately recollect, that he had the honour of knowing any such person, till the servant said, "Miss Black, Sir, that was—formerly at Castle Hermitage."

His old friend, his old enemy, Miss Black, he recollected well. He obeyed the lady's summons, and returned to the house.

Mrs. M'Crule had not altered in disposition, though her objects had been

changed by marriage. Having no longer Lady O'Shane's quarrels with her husband to talk about, she had become the pest of the village of Castle Hermitage and of the neighbourhood—the Lady Bluemantle of the parish. Had Miss Black remained in England, married or single, she would only have been one of a numerous species too well known to need any description; but transplanted to a new soil and a new situation, she proved to be a variety of the old species, with peculiar noxious qualities, which it may be useful to describe, as a warning to the unwary. It is unknown how much mischief the Lady Bluemantle class may do in Ireland, where parties in religion and politics run high; and where it often happens, that individuals of the different sects and parties actually hate without knowing each other, watch without mixing with one another, and consequently are prone reciprocally to believe any stories or reports, however false or ab-

surd, which tend to gratify their antipathies. In this situation, it is scarcely possible to get at the exact truth as to the words, actions, and intentions of the nearest neighbours, who happen to be of opposite parties or persuasions. What a fine field is here for a mischief maker. Mrs. M'Crule had in her parish done her part; she had gone from rich to poor, from poor to rich, from catholic to protestant, from churchman to dissenter, and from dissenter to methodist, reporting every idle story, and repeating every ill-natured thing that she heard said—things often more bitterly expressed than thought, and always exaggerated or distorted in the repetition. No two people in the parish could have continued on speaking terms at the end of the year, but that happily there was in this parish both a good clergyman and a good priest, and still more happily they both agreed, and worked together for the good of their parishioners. Dr. Cambray and Mr.

M'Cormuck made it their business continually to follow after Mrs. M'Crule, healing the wounds which she inflicted, and pouring into the festering heart the balm of christian charity; they were beloved and revered by their parishioners. Mrs. M'Crule was soon detected, and universally avoided. Enraged, she attacked, by turns, both the clergyman and the priest; and when she could not separate them, she found out that it was very wrong that they should agree. She discovered that she was a much better protestant, and a much better christian, than Dr. Cambray, because she hated her catholic neighbours.

Dr. Cambray had taken pains to secure the co-operation of the catholic clergyman in all his attempts to improve the lower classes of the people. His village school was open to catholics as well as Protestants; and father M'Cormuck, having been assured that their religion would not be tampered with, allowed and

encouraged his flock, to send their children to the same seminary.

Mrs. M'Crule was, or affected to be, much alarmed and scandalized at seeing catholic and protestant children mixing so much together; she knew that opinions were divided among some families in the neighbourhood upon the propriety of this *mixture*, and Mrs. M'Crule thought it a fine opportunity of making herself of consequence, by stirring up the matter into a party question. This bright idea had occurred to her just about the time when Ormond brought over little Tommy from the Black Islands. During Ormond's absence upon his tour, Sheelah and Moriarty had regularly sent the boy to the village school, exhorting him to mind his *book* and his *figures*, that he might surprise Mr. Ormond with his *larning*, when he should come back. Tommy, with this excitation, and being a quick, clever, little fellow, soon got to the head of his class, and kept there, and

won all the school-prizes, and brought them home in triumph to his grandame, and to his dear Moriarty, to be treasured up to shew to Mr. Ormond when he should come home. Dr. Cambray was pleased with the boy, and so was every body, except Mrs M'Crule. She often visited the school for the pleasure of finding fault, and she *wondered* to see this little Tommy, who was a catholic, carrying away the prizes from all the others; she thought it her duty to inquire further about him, and as soon as she discovered that he came from the Black Islands, that he lived with Moriarty, and that Mr. Ormond was interested about him, she said she knew there was something wrong—therefore, she set her face against the child, and against the shameful partiality that *some people* shewed.

Dr. Cambray pursued his course, never minding her; and little Tommy pursued his course, improving rapidly in his *larning.*

Now there was in that county a munificent charitable institution, for the education of children from seven to twelve years old,—a 'prentice fee was given with the children, when they left the school, and they had several other advantages, which made parents of the lower class extremely desirous to get their sons into this establishment.

Before they could be admitted, it was necessary, that they should have a certificate from their parish minister and catholic clergyman, stating, that they could read and write, and that they were well-behaved children. On a certain day, every year, a certain number of candidates were presented. The certificates from the clergyman and priest of their respective parishes were much attended to by the lady patronesses, and by these the choice of the candidate to be admitted was usually decided. Little Tommy had an excellent certificate both from father M'Cormuck and from Dr. Cambray.—

Sheelah and Moriarty were in great joy, and had all the hopes in life for him; and Sheelah, who was very fond of surprises, had cautioned Moriarty, and begged the doctor not to tell Mr. Harry a word about it, *till all was fixed*, "for if the boy should not have the *luck* to be chose at last, it would only be breaking his little heart the worse, that Mr. Harry should know any thing at all about it sure."

Mean time Mrs. M'Crule was working against little Tommy with all her might. Some of the lady patronesses were of opinion, that it would be expedient in future to confine their bounty to the children of protestants only.

Mrs. M'Crule, who had been deputed by one of the absent ladies to act for her, was amazingly busy, visiting all the patronesses, and talking, and fearing, and "hoping to Heaven!" and prophesying, canvassing, and collecting opinions and votes as for a matter of life and death.—She hinted that she knew that the great-

est interest was making to get in this year a catholic child, and there was no knowing, if this went on, what the consequence might be.—In short, Ireland would be ruined, if little Tommy should prove the successful candidate. Mrs. M'Crule did not find it difficult to stir up the prejudices and passions of several ladies, whose education and whose means of information, might have secured them from such low influence.

Her present business at Annaly was to try what impression she could make on Lady and Miss Annaly, who were both patronesses of the school. As to Ormond, whom she never had liked, she was glad of this opportunity of revenging herself upon his little protégé; and of making Mr. Ormond sensible, that she was now a person of rather more consequence than she had been, when he used formerly to defy her at Castle Hermitage. She little thought, that while she was thus pursuing the dictates of her own hate, she might serve the interests of Ormond's love.

CHAP. XXIV.

WHEN, in obedience to Mrs. M'Crule's summons, Ormond, returning from his intended walk, entered the room where the ladies sat in a morning, he found there an unusual assemblage of persons—a party of morning visitors, the unmuffled contents of the car.—But, as he entered, he bowed as courteously as possible to the whole circle, and advanced towards Mrs. M'Crule, whose portentous visage he could not fail to recognise. That visage was nearly half a yard long, thin out of all proportion, and dismal beyond all imagination;—the corners of the mouth drawn down, the whites or yellows of the eyes upturned, while with hands out-

spread she was declaiming, in a lamentable tone, deploring, as Ormond thought, some great public calamity; for the concluding words were

"The danger, my dear Lady Annaly—the danger, my dear Miss Annaly—oh! the danger is imminent. We shall all be positively undone, ma'am; and Ireland—oh! I wish I was once safe in England again—Ireland positively ruined!"

Ormond, looking to Lady Annaly and Miss Annaly for explanation, was somewhat reassured in this imminent danger, by seeing that Lady Annaly's countenance was perfectly tranquil, and that a slight smile played on the lips of Florence.

"Mr. Ormond," said Lady Annaly, "I am sorry to hear that Ireland is in danger of being ruined by your means."

"By my means," said Ormond, in great surprise—"I beg your ladyship's pardon for repeating your words, but I really cannot understand them."

"Nor I neither—but by the time you have lived as long as I have in the world," said Lady Annaly. "you will not be so much surprised as you now seem, my good Sir, at hearing people say what you do not understand. I am told, that Ireland will be undone by means of a *protégé* of yours, of the name of Tommy Dun—— not Dun Scotus."

"Dunshaughlin, perhaps," said Ormond, laughing—"Tommy Dunshaughlin! *that* little urchin! What harm can little Tommy do to Ireland? or to any mortal?"

Without condescending to turn her eyes upon Ormond, whose propensity to laughter had of old been offensive to her nature, Mrs. M'Crule continued to Lady Annaly—

"It is not of this insignificant child as an individual that I am speaking, Lady Annaly, but your ladyship, who has lived so long in the world, must know, that here is no person or thing, however in-

significant, that cannot, in the hands of a certain description of people, be made an engine of mischief."

"Very true, indeed," said Lady Annaly.

"And there is no telling or conceiving," pursued Mrs. M'Crule, "how in the hands of a certain party, you know, ma'am, any thing now, even the least and the most innocent child—(not that I take upon me to say, that this child is so very innocent, though to be sure he is very little) but innocent or not, there is positively nothing, Lady Annaly, ma'am, which a certain party, certain evil-disposed persons, cannot turn to their purposes."

"I cannot contradict that, I wish I could," said Lady Annaly.

"But I see your ladyship and Miss Annaly do not consider this matter as seriously as I could wish. 'Tis an infatuation," said Mrs. M'Crule, uttering a sigh, almost a groan, for her ladyship and her daughter's infatuation. "But if people,

ladies especially, knew but half as much as I have learnt, since I married Mr. M'Crule, of the real state of Ireland; or if they had but half a quarter as many means as I have of obtaining information, Mr. M'Crule being one of his Majesty's very active justices of the peace, riding about, and up and down, ma'am, scouring the country, Sir, you know, and having informers high and low, bringing us every sort of intelligence; I say, my dear Lady Annaly, ma'am, you would, if you only heard a hundredth part of what I hear daily, tremble—your ladyship would tremble from morning till night."

"Then I am heartily glad I do not hear it, for I should dislike very much to tremble from morning till night, especially as my trembling could do nobody any good."

"But Lady Annaly, ma'am, you *can* do good by exerting yourself, to prevent the danger in this emergency; you *can* do good, and it becomes your station and your character; you *can* do good, my

dear Lady Annaly, ma'am, to thousands in existence, and thousands yet unborn."

"My benevolence having but a limited appetite for thousands," said Lady Annaly, "I should rather, if it be equal to you, Mrs. M'Crule, begin with the thousands already in existence; and of those thousands, why not begin with little Tommy?"

"It is no use!" cried Mrs. M'Crule, rising from her seat in the indignation of disappointed zeal. "Jenny, pull the bell for the car—Mrs. M'Greggor, if you've no objection, I'm at your service, for 'tis no use I see for me to speak here —nor should I have done so, but that I positively thought it my duty; and also a becoming attention to your ladyship and Miss Annaly, as lady patronesses, to let you know before hand *our* sentiments, as I have collected the opinions of so many of the leading ladies, and apprehended your ladyship might, before it came to a public push, like to have an

inkling or innuendo of how matters are likely to be carried at the general meeting of the patronesses on Saturday next, when we are determined to put it to the vote and poll. Jenny, do you see Jack and the car? Good morning to your ladyship; good day, Miss Annaly."

Ormond put in a detainer—"I am here in obedience to your summons, Mrs. M'Crule, you sent to inform me, that you had a few words of consequence to say to me."

"True, Sir, I did wrap myself up this winter morning and came out, as Mrs. M'Greggor can testify, in spite of my poor face, in hopes of doing some little good, and giving a friendly hint, before an explosion should publicly take place.—But you will excuse me, since I find I gain so little credit, and so waste my breath; I can only leave gentlemen and ladies in this emergency, if they will be blind to the danger at this crisis, to follow their own opinions."

Ormond still remonstrating on the cruelty of leaving him in utter darkness, and calling it blindness, and assuring Mrs. M'Crule that he had not the slightest conception of what the danger or the emergency to which she alluded might be, or what little Tommy could have to do with it, the lady condescended, in compliance with Mrs. M'Greggor's twitch behind, to stay and recommence her statement. He could not forbear smiling even more than Lady Annaly had done, when he found how poor little Tommy was at the bottom of all this danger to Ireland, when he was made to understand that the *emergency* and *crisis* meant nothing but this child's being admitted or not admitted into a charity school.— While Ormond was incapable of speaking in reply with becoming seriousness, Florence, who saw his condition, had the kindness to draw off Mrs. M'Crule's attention, by asking her to partake of some excellent goose pie, which just then

made its entrance. This promised for a time to suspend the discussion, and to unite all parties in one common sympathy. When Florence saw that the *consommé*, to which she delicately helped her, was not thrown away upon Mrs. M'Crule, and that the union of goose and turkey in this Christmas dainty was much admired by this good lady, she attempted playfully to pass to a reflection on the happy effect, that might to some tastes result from unions in party matters.

But no—"too serious matters these to be jested with,"—even with a glass of Barsac at the lips—Mrs. M'Crule stopped to say so and to sigh.—Per favour of the Barsac, however, Florence ventured to try what a little raillery might do. It was possible, that, if Mrs. M'Greggor and the chorus of young ladies could be made to laugh, Mrs. M'Crule might be brought to see the whole thing in a less gloomy point of view; and might perhaps be, just in time, made sensible of

the ridicule to which she might expose herself, by persisting in sounding so pompously a false alarm.

"But can there really be so much danger," said Florence, "in letting little children, protestant and catholic, come together to the same school—sit on the same bench—learn the same alphabet from the same horn book."

"Oh my dear Miss Annaly," cried Mrs. M'Crule, "I do wonder to hear you treat this matter so lightly; you from whom I confess I did expect better principles—'sit on the same bench!' easily said, but my dear young lady, you do not consider, that some errors of popery, since there is no catholic in the room, I suppose I may say it, the errors of popery are wonderfully infectious."

"I remember," said Lady Annaly, "when I was a child, being present once, when an *honest man*, that is a protestant (for in those days, no man, but a protestant, could be called *an honest man*),

came to my uncle in a great passion to complain of the priest, 'my lord,' said he, 'what do you think the priest is going to do? he is going to bury a catholic corpse, not only in the church-yard, but, my lord, near to the grave of my father, who died a staunch dissenter.' 'My dear Sir,' said my uncle, to the angry *honest man*, 'the clergyman of the parish is using me worse still, for he is going to bury a man, who died last Wednesday of the small pox, near to my grandmother, who never had the small pox in her life."

Mrs. M'Crule pursed up her mouth very close at this story. She thought Lady Annaly and her uncle were very wicked, but she did not chuse exactly to say so, as her ladyship's uncle was a person of rank, and of character too solidly established for Mrs. M'Crule to shake. —She, therefore, only gave one of her sighs for the sins of the whole generation, and after a recording look at Mrs.

M'Greggor, she returned to the charge about the schools and the children.—

"It could do no possible good," she said, "to admit catholic children to *our* schools, because, do what you will, you can never make them good protestants."

"Well," said Lady Annaly, "as my friend the excellent Bishop of * * * * * said in parliament, 'if you cannot make them good protestants, make them good catholics, make them good anythings.'"

Giving up Lady Annaly all together, Mrs. M'Crule now desired to have Mr. Ormond's ultimatum—she wished to know whether he had made up his mind as to the affair in question—she begged leave to observe, "that since the child had, to use the gentlest expressions, the *misfortune* to be born and bred a catholic, it would be most prudent and gentlemanlike in Mr. Ormond, not to make him a bone of contention, but to with-

draw the poor child from the contest altogether, and strike his name out of the list of candidates, till the general question of admission for those of his persuasion should have been decided by the lady patronesses."

Ormond declared, with or without submission to Mrs. M'Crule, that he could not think it becoming or gentlemanlike to desert a child, whom he had undertaken to befriend—that, whatever the child had the misfortune to be born, he would abide by him, and would not add to his misfortunes by depriving him of the reward of his own industry and application, and of the best chance he had of continuing his good education, and of getting forward in life.

Mrs. M'Crule sighed and groaned—

But Ormond persisted—"the child," he said, "should have fair play—the lady patronesses would decide as they thought proper."

It had been said, that the boy had Dr.

Cambray's certificate, which Ormond was certain would not have been given undeservedly; he had also the certificate of his own priest.

"Oh what signifies the certificate of his priest," interrupted Mrs. M'Crule—"and as for Dr. Cambray's, though he is a most respectable man (too liberal, perhaps), yet without meaning to insinuate any thing derogatory—but we all know how things are managed, and Dr. Cambray's great regard for Mr. Ormond might naturally influence him a little in favour of this little protégé, or whatever he was to Mr. Ormond.—Heaven forbid, she should mean anything!" Mrs. M'Crule added, "or if she did, she certainly should not say, or *hint* even any thing in the present company."

Florence was very busy in replenishing Mrs. M'Greggor's plate, and Ormond haughtily told Mrs. M'Crule, "that as to Dr. Cambray's character for impartiality, he should leave that securely to

speak for itself; and that as to the rest, she was at liberty to say or hint whatever she pleased, as far as he was concerned, but that for her own sake, he would recommend it to her to be sure of her facts —for that slander was apt to hurt in the recoil."

Alarmed by the tone of confident innocence and determination with which Ormond spoke, Mrs M'Crule, who like all other bullies was a coward, lowered her voice, and protested she meant nothing,—" certainly no offence to Mr. Ormond—and as to slander, there was nothing she detested so much—she was quite glad to be set right—for people did talk—and she had endeavoured to silence them, and now could from the best authority."

Ormond looked as if he wished that any authority could silence her—but no hopes of that. " She was sorry to find, however, that Mr. Ormond was positively determined to encourage the boy,

whoever he was, to persist as candidate on this occasion, because she should be concerned to do any thing that looked like opposing him, yet she must, and she knew others were determined, and in short he would be mortified to no purpose."

"Well," Ormond said, "he could only do his best, and bear to be mortified, if necessary, or when necessary."

A smile of approbation from Florence made his heart beat, and for some moments Mrs. M'Crule spoke without his knowing one syllable she said.

Mrs. M'Crule saw the smile, and perceived the effect. As she rose to depart, she turned to Miss Annaly, and whispered, but loud enough for all to hear—

"Miss Annaly must excuse me if I warn her, that if she takes the part I am inclined to fear she will, on Saturday, people I know *will* draw inferences."

Florence colouring not a little, but with calm dignity and spirit, which

Mrs. M'Crule did not expect from her usual gentleness and softness of manner, replied, that "no inference, which might be drawn from her conduct by any persons on earth, should prevent her from acting as she thought right, and taking that part which she thought just."

So ended the visit, or the visitation. The next day Lady Annaly, Miss Annaly, Sir Herbert, and Ormond, went to Vicar's Vale, and thence with the good doctor to the village school, on purpose that they might see and form an impartial judgment of the little boy. On one day in the week, the parents and friends of the children were admitted, if they chose it, to the school room, to hear the lessons, and to witness the adjudging of the week's premiums. This was *prize day* as they called it, and Sheelah and Moriarty were among the spectators. Their presence, and the presence of Mr. Ormond, so excited—so over excited Tommy, that when he first stood up to

read, his face flushed, his voice faltered, his little hands trembled, so much that he could hardly hold the book ; he could by no means turn over the leaf, and he was upon the point of disgracing himself by bursting into tears.

" Oh ! ho !" cried an ill-natured voice of triumph from one of the spectators—Ormond and the Annalys turned, and saw behind them Mrs. M'Crule.

" Murder !" whispered Sheelah to Moriarty, " if she fixes him with that *evil eye,* and he gets the stroke of it, Moriarty, 'tis all over with him for life."

" Tut woman, dear—what can hurt him—is not the good doctor in person, standing betwix him and harm—and see ! he is recovering upon it fast—quite come to !—Hark !—he is himself again, —Tommy, voice and all !—success to him !"

He had success—and he deserved it—the prizes were his, and when they were given to him, the congratulating smiles

of his companions shewed that Doctor Cambray's justice was unimpeached by those whom it most concerned ; that notwithstanding all that had been said and done directly and indirectly, to counteract his benevolent efforts, he had succeeded in preventing envy and party-spirit from spreading discord among these innocent children.

Mrs. M'Crule withdrew, and nobody saw when or how.

" It is clear," said Lady Annaly, " that this boy is no favourite, for he has friends."

" Or if he be a favourite, and have friends, it is a proof that he had extraordinary merit," said Sir Herbert.

" He is coming to us," said Florence, who had been excessively interested for the child, and whose eyes had followed him wherever he went—" brother," whispered she, " will you let him pass you, he wants to say something to Mr. Ormond."

The boy brought to Ormond all the prizes which he had won since the time he first came to school; his grandame, Sheelah, had kept them safe in a little basket, which he now put into Ormond's hands, with honest pride and pleasure.

"I got 'em, and granny said, you'd like to see them, so she did—and here's what will please you—see my certificates—see, signed by the Doctor himself's own hand, and Father M'Cormuck, that's his name, with his blessing by the same token he gave me."

Ormond looked with great satisfaction at Tommy's treasures, and Miss Annaly looked at them too, with no small delight.

"Well, my boy, have you any thing more to say," said Ormond to the child, who looked as if he was anxious to say something more.

"I have, Sir—it's what I'd be glad to speak a word with you, Mr. Harry."

"Speak it—then—you are not afraid of this lady?"

" Oh no—that I am not," said the boy, with a very expressive smile and emphasis.

But as the child seemed to wish that no one else should hear, Ormond retired a step or two with him behind the crowd. Tommy would not let go Miss Annaly's hand, so she heard all that passed.

" I am afeard I am too troublesome to you, Sir," said the boy.

" To me—not the least," said Ormond—" speak on—say out all you have in your mind."

" Why then," said the child, " I *have* something greatly on my mind, because I heard granny talking to Moriarty about it last night, over the fire, and I in the bed—Then I know all about Mrs. M'Crule, and how, if I don't give out, and would'nt give up, about the grand school, on Saturday, I should, may be, be bringing you, Mr. Harry, into great trouble—so that being the case, I'll give up entirely—and I'll go back to the

Black Islands to-morrow," said Tommy stoutly, yet swelling so in the chest that he could not say another word—He turned away. Ormond caught hold of him, and at the same instant Florence and he stooped to kiss the child—she drew back blushing—it was the happiest moment of Ormond's life.

As they were walking home together from the school, Moriarty said to Sheelah—

"I'll engage, Sheelah, you did not see all that passed the day."

"I'll engage I did though," said Sheelah—"and by the same token, if you want one—little Tommy—and the kiss he did not get."

"Why then, Sheelah, you've quick eyes still."

"Oh! I'm not so blind but what I could see *that* with half an eye—aye, and saw how it was with them before you did, Moriarty. From the first minute they comed into the room together, said

I to myself, 'there's a pair of angels well matched, if ever there was a pair on earth.' These things is all laid out above, unknownst to us, from the first minute we are born, *who* we are to have in marriage," added Sheelah.

"No; not *fixed* from the first minute we are born, Sheelah: it is *not*," said Moriarty.

"And how should you know, Moriarty," said Sheelah, "whether or not?"

"And why not as well as you, Sheelah, dear?" replied Moriarty, "if you go to that."

"Well, in the name of fortune, have it your own way," said Sheelah; "and how do you think it is then?"

"Why it is partly fixed for us," said Moriarty; "but the choice is still in us, always—"

"Oh! burn me if I understand that," said Sheelah.

"Then you are mighty hard of understanding this morning, Sheelah. See

now, with regard to Master Harry and Peggy Sheridan—it's my opinion, 'twas laid out from the first, that in case he did not do *that* wrong, about Peggy—*then* see, Heaven had this lady, this angel, from that time forward in view for him, by way of *compensation* for not doing the wrong he might have chose to do. Now, don't you think Sheelah, that's the way it was?—be a rasonable woman."

The rasonable woman was puzzled and silent, Sheelah and Moriarty having got, without knowing it, to the dark depths of metaphysics. There was some danger of their knocking their heads against each other there, as wiser heads have done in similar circumstances.

It was an auspicious circumstance for Ormond's love, that Florence had now a daily object of thought and feeling in common with him. Mrs. M'Crule's having piqued Florence was in Ormond's favour: it awakened her pride, and conquered her timidity; she ventured to

trust her own motives. To be sure, the interest she felt for this child was uncommonly vivid; but she might safely avow this interest—it was in the cause of one who was innocent, and who had been oppressed.

As Mrs. M'Crule was so vindictively busy, going about, daily, among the lady patronesses, preparing for the great battle that was to be decided on the famous Saturday, it was necessary, that Lady and Miss Annaly should exert themselves at least to make the truth known to their friends, to take them to see Dr. Cambray's school, and to judge of the little candidate impartially. The day for decision came, and Florence felt an anxiety, an eagerness, which made her infinitely more amiable and more interesting in Ormond's eyes. The election was decidedly in favour of humanity and justice. Florence was deputed to tell the decision to the successful little candidate, who was waiting, with his companions, to

hear his fate. Radiant with benevolent pleasure, she went to announce the glad tidings.

"Oh! if she is not beautiful!" cried Sheelah, clasping her hands.

Ormond felt it so warmly, and his looks expressed his feelings so strongly, that Florence, suddenly abashed, could scarcely finish her speech.

If Mrs. M'Crule had been present she might again have cried "Oh! ho!"—but she had retreated, too much discomfited by the disappointments of hatred, to stay even to embarrass the progress of love. Love had made of late rapid progress. Joining in the cause of justice and humanity, mixing with all the virtues, he had taken possession of the heart happily, safely—unconsciously at first, yet triumphantly at last.

Where was Colonel Albemarle all this time? Ormond neither knew nor cared; he thought but little of him at this moment. However, said he to himself,

Colonel Albemarle will be here in a few days—it is better for me to see how things are there, before I speak—I am sure Florence could not give me a decisive answer, till her brother has disentangled that business for her—Lady Annaly said as much to me the other day, if I understood her rightly—and I am sure this is the state of the case, from the pains Florence takes now to avoid giving me an opportunity of speaking to her alone, which I have been watching for so anxiously. So reasoned Ormond; but his reasonings, whether wise or foolish, were set at nought by unforeseen events.

CHAP. XXV.

ONE evening Ormond walked with Sir Herbert Annaly to the sea-shore, to look at the light-house which he was building. He was struck with all that had been done here in the course of a few months, and especially with the alteration in the appearance of the people. Their countenances had changed from the look of desponding idleness and cunning, to the air of busy, hopeful independence. Ormond could not help congratulating Sir Herbert, and warmly expressing a wish, that he might himself in the whole course of his life ever do half as much good as Sir Herbert had already accomplished.

"You will do a great deal more,"

said Sir Herbert—"you will have a great deal more time;—I must make the best of the little—probably the very little time I shall have: while I yet live, let me not live in vain."

"*Yet* live," said Ormond; "I hope—I trust—you will live many years to be happy, and to make others so:—your strength seems quite re-established—you have all the appearance of health."

Sir Herbert smiled, but shook his head.

"My dear Ormond, do not trust to outward appearances too much.—Do not let my friends entirely deceive themselves.—I *know* that my life cannot be long—I wish, before I die, to do as much good as I can."

The manner in which these words were said, and the look with which they were accompanied, impressed Ormond at once with a conviction of the danger, fortitude, and magnanimity of the person who spoke to him. The hectic colour, the brilliant eye, the vividness of fancy,

the superiority of intellectual powers, the warmth of the affections, and the amiable gentleness of the disposition of this young man, were, alas! but so many fatal indications of his disease. The energy with which, with decreasing bodily, and increasing mental strength, he pursued his daily occupations, and performed more than every duty of his station; the never-failing temper and spirits, with which he sustained the hopes of many of his friends, were but so many additional causes of alarm to the too experienced mother. Florence, with less experience, and with a temper happily prone to hope, was more easily deceived. She could not believe that a being, whom she saw so full of life, could be immediately in danger of dying. Her brother had now but a very slight cough—He had to all appearance recovered from the accident, by which they had been so much alarmed when they were in England. The physicians had pronounced, that with care

to avoid cold and all violent exertion, he might do well and last long.

To fulfil the conditions was difficult; especially that which required him to refrain from any great exertion. Whenever he could be of service to his friends, or do any good to his fellow creatures, he never spared himself either in mental or bodily exertion. Under the influence of benevolent enthusiasm, he continually forgot the precarious tenure, by which he held his life.

It was now the middle of winter, and one stormy night a vessel was wrecked on the coast near Annaly.—The house was at such a distance from that part of the shore where the vessel struck, that Sir Herbert knew nothing of it till the next morning, when it was all over. No lives were lost. It was a small trading vessel richly laden. Knowing the vile habits of some of the people who lived on the coast, Sir Herbert, the moment he heard that there was a

wreck, went down to see that the property of the sufferers was protected from those depredators, who on those occasions were astonishingly alert. Ormond accompanied him, and by their joint exertions much of the property was placed in safety under a military guard. Some had been seized and carried off before their arrival, but not by any of Sir Herbert's tenants. It became pretty clear, that *the neighbours* on Sir Ulick O'Shane's estate were the offenders. They had grown bold from impunity, and from the belief that no *jantleman* "would chuse to interfere with them on account of their landlord."

Sir Herbert's indignation rose—Ormond pledged himself, that Sir Ulick O'Shane would never protect such wretches; and eager to assist public justice, to defend his guardian, and above all, to calm and prevent Sir Herbert from over-exerting himself, he insisted upon being allowed to go in his stead with the party of military, who were to

search the suspected houses.—It was with some difficulty he prevailed.—He parted with Sir Herbert: and, struck at the moment with his highly raised colour, and the violent heat and state of excitation he was in, Ormond again urged him to remember his own health, and his mother and sister.

"I will—I do," said Sir Herbert, "but it is my duty to think of public justice, before I think of myself."

The apprehension Ormond felt in quitting Sir Herbert recurred frequently as he rode on in silence; but he was called into action, and it was dissipated. Ormond spent nearly three hours searching a number of wretched cabins, from which the male inhabitants fled, at the approach of the military, leaving the women and children to make what excuses, and tell what lies they could. This the women and children executed with great readiness, ability, and in the most pity-moving tones imaginable.

The inside of an Irish cabin appears

very different to those who come to claim hospitality, and to those who come to detect offenders.

Ormond having never before entered a cabin with a search warrant, constable, or with the military, he was "not *up* to the thing"—as both the serjeant and constable remarked to each other. While he listened to the piteous story of a woman, about a husband who had broken his leg from a ladder, *sarving* the masons at Sir Herbert's light-house, and was *lying* at the hospital, *not expected**; the husband was lying all the time with both his legs safe and sound in a potatoe furrow, within a few yards of the house.—And *the child* of another eloquent matron was running off with a pair of silver-mounted pistols taken from the wreck, which he was instructed to hide in a bog-hole, snug—the bog-water never rusting. These pistols caught the at-

* *Not expected* to live.

tention of Ormond, but there were no traces to be found of them, nor of the little urchin who had carried them off. In one hovel—for the houses of these wretches who lived by pillage, after all their ill-gotten gains, were no better than hovels;—in one of them, in which, as the information stated, some valuable plunder was concealed, they found nothing but a poor woman groaning in bed, and two little children; one crying, as if its heart would break, and the other sitting up behind the mother's bolster supporting her. After the soldiers had searched every place in vain, even the thatch of the house, the woman shewing no concern all the while, but groaning on, seemed scarce able to answer Mr. Ormond's questions; the constable, an old hand, roughly bid her get up, that they might search the bed;—this Ormond would not permit:—she lay still, thanking his honour faintly, and they quitted the house. The goods which they had car-

ried off were valuable, and were hid in the straw of the very bed on which the woman was lying.

As they were returning homewards after their fruitless search, when they had passed the boundary of Sir Ulick's, and had reached Sir Herbert's territory, they were overtaken by a man, who whispered something to the serjeant, which made him halt, and burst out a laughing; the laugh ran through the whole serjeant's guard, and reached Ormond's ears; who, asking the cause of it, was told, how the woman had cheated them, and how she was now risen from her bed, and was dividing the prize among the *lawful owners*, "share and share alike." These lawful owners, all risen out of the potatoe furrows, and returning from the bogs, were now assembled, holding their bed of justice. At the moment the serjeant's information came off, their captain, with a bottle of whiskey in his hand, was drinking—

"To the health of Sir Ulick O'Shane, our worthy landlord; seldom comes a better. The same to his ward, Harry Ormond, Esq. and may his eyesight never be better nor worse."

Harry Ormond instantly turned his horse's head, much provoked at having been duped, and resolved that the plunderers should not now escape. By the advice of serjeants and constables, he dismounted, that no sound of horses' hoofs might give notice from a distance; though, indeed, on the sands of the sea-shore, no horses' tread, he thought, could be heard. He looked round for some one with whom he could leave his horse, but not a creature, except the men who were with him, was in sight.

"What can have become of all the people," said Ormond, "it is not the workmen's dinner hour, and they are gone from the work at the light-house; and the horses and cars are left without any one with them. He went on a few

paces, and saw a boy, who seemed to be left to watch the horses, and who looked very melancholy. The boy did not speak as Ormond came up.

" What *is* the matter?" said Ormond, " something dreadful has happened?— Speak."

" Did not you hear it, Sir," said the boy, " I'd be loth to tell it you—for I know who you are."

" Has any thing happened to—"

" Sir Herbert—aye—the worst that could.——Running to stop one of them villains that was making off with something from the wreck, he dropped sudden as if he was shot, and—when they went to lift him up—But you'll drop yourself, Sir," said the boy.

" Give him some of the water out of the bucket, can't ye."

" Here's my cap," said the serjeant. Ormond was made to swallow the water, and, recovering his senses, heard one of the soldiers near him say—

" 'Twas only a' faint Sir Herbert took, I'll engage."

The thought was new life to Ormond, he started up, mounted his horse, and galloped off,—saw no creature on the road—found a crowd at the gate of the avenue —the crowd opened to let him pass, many voices calling as he passed to beg him to *send out word*. This gave him fresh hopes, since nothing certain was known—he spurred on his horse—but when he reached the house, as he was going to Sir Herbert's room he was met by Sir Herbert's own man, O'Reilly. The moment he saw O'Reilly's face, he knew there was no hope—he asked no question—the surgeon came out, and told him that in consequence of having broke a blood vessel, which bled internally, Sir Herbert had just expired. His mother and sister were with him—Ormond retired—he begged the servants would write to him at Dr. Cambray's—and he went immediately.

Two days after he had a note from O'Reilly, written in haste, at a very early hour in the morning, to say that "he was just setting out with the hearse to the family burial-place at Herbert—it having been thought best, that the funeral should not be in this neighbourhood, on account of the poor people at Annaly being so exasperated against those, who were thought to be the immediate occasion of his death. Sir Herbert's last orders to O'Reilly were to this effect—"to *take care*, and to have every thing done as privately as possible."

No pomp of funeral was, indeed, necessary for such a person. The great may need it—the good need it not—they are mourned in the heart, and they are remembered without vain pageantry. —If public sorrow can soothe private grief—and surely in some measure it must—the family and friends of this young man had this consolation, but they had another and a better.

It is the triumph of religion and of its ministers, to be able to support the human heart, when all other resources are of little avail. Time, it is true, at length effaces the recollection of misfortune, and age deadens the sense of sorrow. But that power to console is surely far superior in its effect, more worthy of a rational and of a social being, which operates not by contracting or benumbing our feelings and faculties, but by expanding and ennobling them, inspiring us not with stoic indifference to the pains and pleasures of humanity, but with pious submission to the will of Heaven, to the order, and orderer of the universe.

CHAP. XXVI.

THOUGH Sir Ulick O'Shane contrived to laugh on most occasions, where other people would have wept, and, though he had pretty well *case-hardened* his heart, yet he was shocked by the first news of the death of Sir Herbert Annaly. He knew the man must die, he said,—so must we all, sooner or later, but for the manner of his death, Sir Ulick could not help feeling a secret pang. It was he who had encouraged, or at least connived at, the practices of those wretches, who roused the generous and just indignation of Sir Herbert, and in pursuit of whom this fine young man fell a sacrifice.

Not only "the still small voice," but the cry of the country was against Sir Ulick on this occasion. He saw that he must give up the offenders, and shew decidedly, that he desired to have them punished. Decidedly, then, and easily, as ever prince abandoned secretary or chancellor to save his own popularity, quickly as ever grand seignior gave up grand vizier or chief baker to appease the people, Sir Ulick gave up his "*honest rascals*," his "*rare rapparees*," and even his "*wrecker royal*." Sir Ulick set his magistrate, Mr. M'Crule, at work for once on the side both of justice and law; warrants, committals, and constables, cleared the land. Many fled,—a few were seized, escorted ostentatiously by *a serjeant and twelve* of Sir Ulick's corps, and lodged in the county jail to stand their trial, bereft of all *favour and protection*, bonâ fide delivered up to justice.

A considerable tract of Sir Ulick's

coast estate, in consequence of this, remained untenanted. Some person in whom he could confide must be selected, to inhabit the fishing lodge, and to take care of the cabins and land till they should be reset. Sir Ulick pitched upon Moriarty Carroll for this purpose, and promised him such liberal reward, that all Moriarty's friends congratulated him upon his "great luck in getting the appointment against the man, too, that Mr. Marcus had proposed and favoured."

Marcus, who was jealous in the extreme of power, and who made every trifle a matter of party competition, was vexed at the preference given against *an honest man* and a *friend* of his own, in favour of Moriarty, a catholic; a fellow he had always disliked, and a protégé of Mr. Ormond's. Ormond all the time, though obliged to Sir Ulick for his kindness to Moriarty, was too intent on other things, to think much about the matter. *When* he should see Florence

Annaly again, seemed to him the only question in the universe of great importance.

Weak passions, it has been observed, are weakened, strong passions strengthened by absence.

Just at this time arrived letters for Mr. Ormond from Paris, from M. and Madame de Connal; very kind letters, with pressing invitations to him to pay them a visit. M. de Connal informed him, " that the five hundred pounds, king Corny's legacy, was ready waiting his orders. M. de Connal hoped to put it into Mr. Ormond's hands in Paris in his own hotel, where he trusted that Mr. Ormond would do him the pleasure of soon occupying the apartments which were preparing for him." It did not clearly appear, whether they had or had not heard of his accession of fortune. Dora's letter was not from *Dora*—it was from *Madame de Connal.* It was on green paper, with a border of Cupids and roses,

and store of sentimental devices in the corners. The turn of every phrase, the style, as far as Ormond could judge, was quite French—aiming evidently at being perfectly Parisian. Yet it was a letter so flattering to the vanity of man, as might well incline him to excuse the vanity of woman. "Besides, really," as Sir Ulick O'Shane observed, "after making due deductions for French sentiment, there remains enough to satisfy an honest English heart, that the lady really desires to see you, Ormond; and that now, in the midst of her Parisian prosperity, she has the grace to wish to shew kindness to her father's adopted son, and to the companion and friend of her childhood."—Sir Ulick was of opinion, that Ormond could not do better than accept the invitation. Ormond was surprised, for he well recollected the manner in which his guardian had formerly, and not many months ago, written and spoken of

Connal as a coxcomb, and something worse.

"That is true," said Sir Ulick, "but that was when I was angry about your legacy, which was of great consequence to us then, though of none now—I certainly did suspect the man of a design to cheat you, but it is clear I was wrong—I am ready candidly to acknowledge, that I did him injustice. Your money is at your order—and I have nothing to say, but to beg M. de Connal ten thousand French pardons—Observe, I do not beg pardon for calling him a coxcomb, for a coxcomb he certainly is."

"An insufferable coxcomb!" cried Ormond.

"But a coxcomb *in fashion*," said Sir Ulick; "and a coxcomb in fashion is a useful connexion. He did not fable about Versailles—I have made particular inquiries from our embassador at Paris, and he writes me word, that Connal is often at court—*en bonne odeur*, at

Versailles. The embassador says, he meets the Connals every where in the first circles—how they got there I don't know."

"I am glad to hear that for Dora's sake," said Ormond.

"I always thought her a sweet, pretty little creature," said Sir Ulick—"and no doubt she has been polished up; and dress and fashion make such a difference in a woman,—I suppose she is now ten times better—that is, prettier—she will introduce you at Paris, and your own *merit*, that is, manners, and figure, and fortune, will make your way every where.—By the by, I do not see a word about poor Mademoiselle—Oh, yes, here *is* a line squeezed in at the edge—'Mille tendres souvenirs, de la part de Mademoiselle O'Faley.'"

"Poor Mademoiselle!"

"Poor Mademoiselle!" repeated Sir Ulick.

"Do you mean *that thing half Irish,*

half French, half mud, half tinsel?" said Ormond.

"Very good memory! very sly, Harry! but still in the Irish half of her I dare say there is a heart, and we must allow her the tinsel, in pure gratitude; for having taught you to speak French so well—that will be a real advantage to you in Paris."

"Whenever I go there, Sir," said Ormond, coldly.

Sir Ulick was very much disappointed at perceiving, that Ormond had no mind to go to Paris; but dropping the subject, he turned the conversation upon the Annalys—he praised Florence to the skies, hoped that Ormond would be more fortunate than Marcus had been, for some how or other he should never live or die in peace till Florence Annaly was more nearly connected with him. He regretted, however, that poor Sir Herbert was carried off before he had completed the levying of those fines, which

would have cut off the entail, and barred the heir at law from the Herbert estates. Florence was not now the great heiress it was once expected she should be, indeed she had but a moderate gentlewoman's fortune—not even what at Smithfield a man of Ormond's fortune might expect; but Sir Ulick knew, he said, that this would make no difference to his ward, unless to make him in greater impatience to propose for her.

It was impossible to be in greater impatience to propose for her than Ormond was. Sir Ulick did not wonder at it; but he thought that Miss Annaly would not, *could* not, listen to him yet. *Time, the comforter*, must come first, and while time was doing his business, love could not decently be admitted.

"That was the reason," said Sir Ulick, returning by another road to the charge, "why I advised a trip to Par[is] but you know best."

"I cannot bear this suspens[e]

must and will know my fate—I will write instantly and obtain an answer."

"Do so; and to save time, I can tell what your fate and your answer will be: from Florence Annaly, assurance of perfect esteem and regard, as far as friendship, perhaps; but she will tell you, that she cannot think of love at present. Lady Annaly, prudent Lady Annaly, will say, that she hopes Mr. Ormond will not think of settling for life till he has seen something more of the world. Well, you don't believe me," said Sir Ulick, interrupting himself just at the moment when he saw that Ormond began to think there was some sense in what he was saying.

"If you don't believe me, Harry," continued he, "consult your oracle, Dr. Cambray, he has just returned from Annaly, and he can tell you how the land lies."

Dr. Cambray agreed with Sir Ulick, that both Lady Annaly and her daughter would desire, that Ormond should see

more of the world before he settled for life; but as to going off to Paris, without waiting to see or write to them, Dr. Cambray agreed with Ormond, that it would be the worst thing he could do—that so far from appearing a proof of his respect to their grief, it would seem only a proof of indifference, or a sign of impatience—they would conclude, that he was in haste to leave his friends in adversity, to go to those in prosperity, and to enjoy the gaiety and dissipation of Paris. Dr. Cambray advised, that he should remain quietly where he was, and wait till Miss Annaly should be disposed to see him. This was most prudent, Ormond allowed. "But then the delay;" to conquer by delay we must begin by conquering our impatience—now, that was what our hero could not possibly do. Therefore, he jumped hastily to this conclusion, that—"in love affairs no man should follow any mortal's opinion but his own."

Accordingly he sat down and wrote to

Miss Annaly a most passionate letter, enclosed in a most dutiful epistle to Lady Annaly, as full of respectful attachment and entire obedience as a son-in-law expectant could devise—beginning very properly, and very sincerely, with anxiety and hopes about her ladyship's health, and ending, as properly, and as sincerely, with hopes that her ladyship would permit him, as soon as possible, to take from her the greatest, the only remaining source of happiness she had in life—her daughter.

Having worded this very plausibly—for he had now learned how to write a letter—our hero dispatched a servant of Sir Ulick's with his epistle, with orders to wait certainly for an answer; but above all things, to make haste back. Accordingly the man took a cross road, a short cut, and coming to a broken bridge, which he did not know was down till he was *close upon it*, he was obliged to go back and go round, and did not get home

till long after dark night—and the only answer he brought was, there was no answer, only Lady Annaly's compliments.

Ormond could scarcely believe that no answer had been sent; but the man took all the saints in Heaven, or in the calendar, to witness, that he would not tell his honour, or any *jantleman*, a lie.

Upon a cross-examination, the man gave proof that he had actually seen both the ladies. They were sitting so and so, and dressed so and so, in mourning. Further, he gave undeniable proof that he had delivered the letters, and that they had been opened and read; for—*by the same token*—he was summoned up to my lady on account of one of Mr. Ormond's letters he did not know *which*, or to *who*, being dated Monday, whereas it was Wednesday; and he had to clear himself of having been three days on the road.

Ormond, inordinately impatient, could not rest a moment. The next morning

he set off full speed for Annaly, determined to find out what was the matter.

Arrived there—a new footman came to the door with "*Not at home*, Sir." Ormond could have knocked him down, but he contented himself with striking his own forehead—however, in a genteel proper voice, he desired to see Sir Herbert's own man, O'Reilly.

"Mr. O'Reilly is not here, Sir: absent on business."

Every thing was adverse. Ormond had one hope that this new fellow, not knowing him, might by mistake have included him in a general order against morning visitors.

"My name is Ormond, Sir."

"Yes, Sir."

"And I beg you will let Lady Annaly and Miss Annaly know, that Mr. Ormond is come to pay his respects to them."

The man seemed very unwilling to carry any message to his ladies. "He

was sure," he said, "that the ladies would not see any body?"

"Was Lady Annaly ill?"

"Her ladyship had been but poorly, but was better within the last two days."

"And Miss Annaly."

"Wonderful better too, Sir; has got up her spirits greatly to-day."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Ormond. "Pray, Sir, can you tell me whether a servant from Mr. Ormond brought a letter here yesterday."

"He did, Sir."

"And was there any answer sent?"

"I really can't say, Sir."

"Be so good to take my name to your lady," repeated Ormond.

"Indeed, Sir, I don't like to go in, for I know my lady—both my ladies is engaged, very particularly engaged—however, if you very positively desire it, Sir—"

Ormond did very positively desire it, and the footman obeyed. While Or-

mond was waiting impatiently for the answer, his horse, as impatient as himself, would not stand still. A groom, who had been playing at ball with the footman in the yard, saw the uneasiness of the horse; observing that it was occasioned by a peacock, who, with spread tail, was strutting in the sunshine, he ran and chased the bird away. Ormond thanking the groom, threw him a *luck token*, and not recollecting his face, asked how long he had been at Annaly.

"I think you were not here when I was here last?" said Ormond.

"No, Sir," said the man, looking a little puzzled; "I never was here till the day before yesterday in my born days. We *bees* from England."

"We!"

"That is I and master—that is master and I."

Ormond grew pale; but the groom saw nothing of it—his eyes had fixed upon Ormond's horse.

"A very fine horse this of yours, Sir, for sartain, if he could but *stand*, Sir; he's main restless at a door. My master's horse is just his match for that."

"And pray who is your master, Sir?" said Ormond, in a voice which he forced to be calm.

"My master, Sir, is one Colonel Albemarle, son of the famous General Albemarle; as lost his arm, Sir—you might have heard talk of, time back," said the groom.

At this moment a window-blind was flapped aside, and before the wind blew it back to its place again, Ormond saw Florence Annaly sitting on a sofa, and a gentleman, in regimentals, kneeling at her feet.

"Bless my eyes!" cried the groom, "what made you let go his bridle, Sir—only you sat him well, Sir, he would ha' thrown you that minute—Curse the blind! that flapped in his eyes."

The footman re-appeared on the steps.

"Sir, it is just as I said—I could not be let in. Mrs. Spencer, my lady's woman, says the ladies is engaged—you can't see them."

Ormond had seen enough.

"Very well, Sir," said he, "Mr. Ormond's compliments—he called, that's all."

Ormond put spurs to his horse and galloped off, and fast as he went, he urged his horse still faster.

In the agony of disappointed love and jealousy, he railed bitterly against the whole sex, and against Florence Annaly in particular. Many were the rash vows he made, that he would never think of her more!—that he would tear her from his heart—that he would shew her that he was no whining lover, no easy dupe, to be whiffled off and on, the sport of a quet.

"A coquet!—is it possible, Florence Annaly!—*You*—and after all!"

Certain tender recollections obtruded;

but he repelled them, he would not allow one of them to mitigate his rage. His naturally violent passion of anger, now that it broke again from the controul of his reason, seemed the more ungovernable from the sense of past and the dread of future restraint.

So, when a horse naturally violent, half trained to the curb, takes fright, or takes offence, and, starting, throws his master, away he gallops; enraged the more by the falling bridle, he rears, plunges, curvets, and lashes out behind at broken girth or imaginary pursuer.

"'Good Heavens! what is the matter with you, my dear boy?—what has happened?" cried Sir Ulick the moment he saw him; for the disorder of Ormond's mind appeared strongly in his face and gestures—still more strongly in his words.

When he attempted to give an account of what had happened, it was so broken, so exclamatory, that it was wonderful how Sir Ulick made out the plain fact.

Sir Ulick, however, well understood the short-hand language of the passions; he listened with eager interest—he sympathized so fully with Ormond's feelings—expressed such astonishment, such indignation, that Harry, feeling him to be his warm friend, loved him as heartily as in the days of his childhood.

Sir Ulick saw and seized the advantage—he had almost despaired of accomplishing his purpose, now was the critical instant.

"Harry Ormond," said he, "would you make Florence Annaly feel to the quick—would you make her repent in sackcloth and ashes—would you make her pine for you, aye! till her very heart is sick?"

"Would I? to be sure—shew me how!—only shew me how!" cried Ormond.

"Look ye, Harry—to have and to hold a woman—trust me—for I have had and held many!—to have and to hold a woman, you must first shew her that you

ean, if you will, fling her from you, aye! and leave her there—set off for Paris to-morrow morning—My life upon it, the moment she hears you are gone, she will wish you back again."

"I'll set off to-night," said Ormond, ringing the bell to give orders to his servant to prepare immediately for his departure.

Thus Sir Ulick, seizing precisely the moment when Ormond's mind was at the right heat, aiming with dexterity, and striking with force, bent and moulded him to his purpose.

While preparations for Ormond's journey were making, Sir Ulick said that there was one thing he must insist upon his doing before he quitted Castle Hermitage—he must look over and settle his guardianship accounts.

Ormond, whose head was far from business at this moment, was very reluctant; he said that the accounts could wait till he should return from France; but Sir

Ulick said that if he, or if Ormond, were to die, leaving the thing unsettled, it would be loss of property to the one, and loss of credit to the other. Ormond then begged that the accounts might be sent after him to Paris; he would look over them there at leisure, and sign them. No, Sir Ulick said, they ought to be signed by some forthcoming witness in this country. He urged it so much, and put it upon the footing of his own credit and honour in such a manner, that Ormond could not refuse. He seized the papers, and took a pen to sign them; but Sir Ulick snatched the pen from his hand, and absolutely insisted upon his first knowing what he was going to sign.

"The whole account could have been looked over while we have been talking about it," said Sir Ulick.

Ormond sat down and looked it over, examined all the vouchers, saw that every thing was perfectly right and fair, signed the accounts, and esteemed Sir Ulick the

more for having insisted upon shewing, and proving, that all was exact.

Sir Ulick offered to manage his affairs for him while he was away, particularly a large sum which Ormond had in the English funds. Sir Ulick had a banker and a broker in London, on whom he could depend, and he had, from his place and connexions, &c. means of obtaining good information in public affairs; he had made a great deal himself by speculations in the funds, and he could buy in and sell out to great advantage, he said, for Ormond. But for this purpose a *letter of attorney* was necessary to be given by Ormond to Sir Ulick.

There was scarcely time to draw one up, nor was Sir Ulick sure that there was a printed form in the house. Luckily, however, a proper *power* was found, and filled up, and Ormond had just time to sign it before he stepped into the carriage; he embraced his guardian, and thanked him heartily for his care of the

interests of his purse, and still more for the sympathy he had shewn in the interests of his heart. Sir Ulick was moved at parting with him, and this struck Harry the more, because he certainly struggled to suppress his feelings. Ormond stopped at Vicar's Vale to tell Dr. Cambray all that had happened, to thank him and his family for their kindness, and to take leave of them.

They were indeed astonished when he entered, saying—

"Any commands, my good friends, for London or Paris, I am on my way there—carriage at the door."

At first, they could not believe him to be serious; but when they heard his story, and saw by the agitation of his manner, that he was in earnest, they were still more surprised at the suddenness of his determination. They all believed and represented to him that there must be some mistake, and that he was not cool enough to judge sanely at this moment.

Dr. Cambray observed, that Miss Annaly could not prevent any man from kneeling to her. Ormond haughtily said, "he did not know what she could prevent, he only knew what she did. She had not vouchsafed an answer to his letter—she had not admitted him. These he thought were sufficient indications, that the person at her feet was accepted. Whether he were or not, Ormond would inquire no farther. She might now accept or refuse, as she pleased—he would go to Paris."

His friends had nothing more to say or to do but to sigh, and to wish him a good journey, and much pleasure at Paris.

Ormond now requested, that Dr. Cambray would have the goodness to write to him from time to time, to inform him of whatever he might wish to know, during his absence. He was much mortified to hear from the doctor, that he was obliged to remove, with his family, for some months, to a distant part of the north of

England; and that, as to the Annalys, they were immediately removing to the sea coast of Devonshire, for the benefit of a mild climate, and of sea bathing. Ormond, therefore, had no resource but in his guardian. Sir Ulick's business, however, was to take him over to London, from whence Ormond could not expect much satisfactory intelligence with respect to Ireland.

Ormond flew to Dublin, crossed the channel in an express boat, travelled night and day in the mail to London, from thence to Dover—crossed the water in a storm, and travelled with the utmost expedition to Paris, though there was no one reason why he should be in haste; and for so much, his travelling was as little profitable or amusing as possible. He saw, heard, and understood nothing, till he got to Paris.

It has been said, that the traveller without sensibility may travel from Dan to Beer-Sheba without finding any thing

worth seeing. The traveller who has too much sensibility observes often as little—of this all persons must be sensible, who have ever travelled when their minds were engrossed with painful feelings, or possessed by any strong passion.

CHAP. XXVII

ORMOND had written to Monsieur et Madame de Connal, to announce his intentions of spending some time in Paris—to thank them for their invitation to their house, an invitation which, however, he declined accepting, but requested Monsieur de Connal to secure apartments for him in some hotel near them.

Upon his arrival, he found every thing prepared for a Milord Anglois—handsome apartments—a fashionable carriage, well powdered laquais, and a valet de chambre, waited the orders of Monsieur.

Connal was with him a few minutes

after his arrival—welcomed him to Paris with cordial gaiety, was more glad, and more sorry, and said more in five minutes, and above all made more protestations of regard, than an Englishman would make in a year.

"He was rejoiced! delighted! enchanted to see Mr. Ormond.—Madame de Connal was absolutely transported with joy, when she heard he was on his road to Paris. Madame was now at Versailles—but she would return in a few days—she would be in despair at Mr. Ormond's not accepting the apartments in the Hotel de Connal, which were actually prepared for him.—But in fact it was nearly the same thing, within two doors of them.—He hoped Mr. Ormond liked his apartments—but in truth that was of little consequence, for he would never be in them, except when he was asleep or dressing."

Ormond thought the apartments quite superb, and was going to have thanked

Monsieur de Connal for the trouble he had taken, but at the word *superbe*, Connal ran on again with French vivacity of imagination.

"Certainly, Mr. Ormond ought," he said, "to have every thing now in the first style." He congratulated our hero on his accession of fortune, "of which Madame de Connal and he had heard with inexpressible joy. And Mademoiselle O'Faley too, she who had always prophesied, that they should meet in happiness at Paris, was now absolutely in extacy."

"You have no idea, in short, my dear Ormond, of what a strong impression you left in all our minds, no conception of the lively interest you always inspired."

It was a lively interest, which had slumbered quietly for a considerable time, but now it wakened with perfectly good grace.—Ormond set little value on these sudden protestations, and his pride felt

a sort of fear, that it should be supposed he was deceived by them.—Yet, altogether, the manner was agreeable, and Connal was essentially useful at this moment; as Sir Ulick had justly observed, a coxcomb in fashion may, in certain circumstances, be a useful friend.

"But my dear fellow," cried Connal, "what savage cut your hair last?—It is a sin to trust your fine head to the barbarians--my hair dresser shall be with you in the twinkling of an eye, I will send my taylor—allow me to chuse your embroidery, and see your lace, before we decide--I am said to have a tolerable taste,—the ladies say so, and they are always best judges.—The French dress will become you prodigiously, I foresee--but, just Heaven!--what buckles! —those must have been had before the flood,—no disparagement to your taste, what could you do better in the Black Islands. Paris is the only place for *bi-*

jouterie—except in steel, Paris surpasses the universe—your eyes will be dazzled by the Palais Royal. But this hat!—you know it can't appear—it would destroy you—my chapelier shall be with you instantly.—It will all be done in five minutes—you have no idea of the celerity with which you may command every thing at Paris.—But I am so sorry that Madame is at Versailles, and that I am under a necessity of being there myself to-morrow for the rest of this week—but I have a friend, a little *abbé*, who will be delighted in the mean time to shew you Paris."

From the moment of his arrival at Paris, Ormond resolved to put Florence Annaly completely out of his thoughts, and to drown in gaiety and dissipation the too painful recollection of her duplicity towards him. Ormond was glad that he should have a few days to look about him, and to see something of Paris.

He should like, as he told M. Connal, to go to the play to accustom himself to the language.—He must wear off his English or Irish awkwardness a little, before he should be presented to Madame de Connal, or appear in French society.

A profusion of compliments followed from Monsieur de Connal—but Ormond persisting—it was settled that he should go incog this night to the Théâtre François.

Connal called upon him in the evening, and took him to the theatre.

They were in *une petite loge*, where they could see without being seen. In the box with them was the young abbé, and a pretty little French actress, Mademoiselle Adrienne. At the first coup d'œil, the French ladies did not strike him as handsome, they looked as he said like dolls, all eyes and rouge; and rouge, as he thought, very unbecomingly put on in one frightful red patch or plaister, high

upon the cheek, without any pretence to imitate natural colour.

"Eh fi donc!" said the abbé, "what you call the natural colour, that would be *rouge coquette*, which no woman of quality can permit herself."

"No, Dieu merci," said the actress, "that is for us—'tis very fair we should have some advantages in the competition, they have so many—by birth—if not by nature."

M. Connal explained to Ormond, "that the frightful red patch, which offended his eye, was the mark of a woman of quality—women only of a certain rank have the privilege of wearing their rouge in that manner—your eye will soon grow accustomed to it, and you will like it as a sign of rank and fashion."

The actress shrugged her shoulders, said something about "*la belle nature*," and the good taste of Monsieur l'Anglois. —The moment the curtain drew up, she told him the names of all the actors and actresses as they appeared—noting the

value and celebrity of each. The play was, unfortunately for Ormond, a tragedy; and Le Kain was at Versailles. Ormond thought he understood French pretty well, but he did not comprehend what was going on. The French tone of tragic declamation, so unnatural to his ear, distracted his attention so much, that he could not make out the sense of what any of the actors said.

"'Tis like the quality rouge," said Connal;—"your taste must be formed to it.—But your eye and your ear will accommodate themselves to both.—You will like it in a month."

M. de Connal said this was always the first feeling of foreigners.—"But take patience," said he, "go on listening, and in a night or two, perhaps in an hour or two, you will find the sense will break in upon you all at once. You will never find yourself at a loss in society.—Talk, at all events, whether you speak ill or well. Talk—don't aim at

correctness—we don't expect it. Besides, as they will tell you, we like to see how a stranger 'plays with our language.'"

M. de Connal's manner was infinitely more agreeable towards Ormond now, than in former days.

There was perhaps still at the bottom of his mind the same fund of self-conceit, but he did not take the same arrogant tone. It was the tone not of a superior to an inferior, but of a friend, in a new society, and a country to which he is a stranger. There was as little of the protector in his manner as possible, considering his natural presumption, and his acquired habits; considering that he had made his own way in Paris, and that he thought, to be the first man in a certain circle at Paris was to be nearly the first man in the universe. The next morning, the little abbé called to pay his compliments, and offer his services.

M. de Connal being obliged to go to

Versailles,—in his absence, the abbé would be very happy, he said, to attend Mr. Ormond, and to shew him Paris: he believed, he humbly said, that he had the means of shewing him every thing that was worth his attention.

Away they drove.

"Gare! gare!" cried the coachman, chacing away the droves of walkers before him. There being no foot-paths in the streets of Paris, they were continually driven up close to the walls.

Ormond at first shrunk frequently at the sight of their peril and narrow escapes.

"Monsieur apparemment is nervous after his *voyage?*" said the abbé.

"No, but I am afraid the people will be run over.—I will make the coachman drive more quietly."

"Du tout!—not at all," said the little abbé, who was of a noble family, and had all the airs of it.—"Leave him to settle it with the people, they are used to it.—And, after all, what have they to

think of but to take care of themselves—*la canaille*."

"*La canaille*,"—synonymous with the *swinish multitude*, an expression of contempt, for which the Parisian nobility have since paid terribly dear.

Ormond, who was not used to it, found it difficult to abstract his sympathy from his fellow creatures, by whatever name they were called; and he could not exclusively command his attention, to admire the houses and churches which his abbé continually pointed out to his attention.

He admired, however, the fine façade of the Louvre,—the Place de Louis XV, —the astonishingly brilliant spectacle of the Palais Royal,—Nôtre Dame,—a few handsome bridges, and the drives on the Boulevards.

But in fact there was at that time much more to be heard, and less to be seen, than at present in Paris. Paris was not then as fine a city as it now is. Ormond, in his secret soul, preferred

the bay of Dublin to all he then saw on the banks of the Seine.

The little abbé was not satisfied with the paucity of his exclamations, and would have given him up, as *un froid Anglois*,—but that, fortunately, our young hero had each night an opportunity of redeeming his credit. They went to the play;—he saw French comedy!—he saw and heard Molet, and Madame de la Ruette: the abbé was charmed with his delight, his enthusiasm, his genuine enjoyment of high comedy, and his quick feeling of dramatic excellence. It was indeed perfection—beyond any thing of which Ormond could have formed an idea. Every part well performed—nothing to break the illusion!

This first fit of dramatic enthusiasm was the third day at its height, when Connal returned from Versailles, and it was so strong upon him, and he was so full of Molet and Madame de la Ruette, that he could scarcely listen to what

Connal said of Versailles, the king's supper, and Madame la Dauphine.

"No doubt—he should like to see all that—but at all events he was positively determined so see Molet, and Madame de la Ruette, every night they acted."

Connal smiled, and only answered—"Of course he would do as he pleased." But in the mean time, it was now Madame de Connal's *night* for seeing company, and he was to make his debut in a French assembly.

Connal called for him early, that they might have a few minutes to themselves, before the company should arrive.

Ormond felt some curiosity, a little anxiety, a slight flutter of the heart, at the thought of seeing Dora again.

The arrival of her husband interrupted these thoughts.

Connal took the light from the hands of Crepin, the valet, and reviewed Ormond from head to foot.

"Very well, Crepin;—you have done

your part, and Nature has done hers, for Monsieur."

"Yes, truly," said Crepin, "Nature had done wonders for Monsieur; and Monsieur, now he is dressed, has really all the air of a Frenchman."

"*Quite* l'air comme il faut!—l'air noble!" added Connal, and he agreed with Crepin in opinion, that French dress made an astonishing difference in Mr. Ormond.

"Madame de Connal I am sure will think so," continued Connal;—"will see it with admiration—for she really has good taste. I will pledge myself for your success.—With that figure, with that air, you will turn many heads in Paris—if you will but talk enough.—Say every thing that comes into your head—don't be like an Englishman, always thinking about the sense—the more nonsense the better—trust me,—*livrez vous*—let yourself out—follow me and fear nothing," cried he, running down stairs, delighted with Ormond and with himself.

He foresaw he should gain credit by *producing* such a man.—He really wished that Ormond should *succeed* in French society, and that he should pass his time agreeably at Paris.

No man could feel better disposed towards another.—Even if he should take a fancy to Madame, it was to the polite French husband a matter of indifference, except so far as the *arrangement* might, or might not, interfere with his own views.

And these views?—What were they?—Only to win all the young man's fortune at play.——A cela près—excepting this he was sincerely Ormond's friend, ready to do every thing possible—de faire l'impossible, to oblige and entertain him.

Connal enjoyed Ormond's surprise at the magnificence of his hotel. After ascending a spacious staircase, and passing through antichamber after antichamber, they reached the splendid sa-

lon, blazing with lights, reflected on all sides in mirrors, that reached from the painted ceiling to the inlaid floor.

"Not a creature here yet—happily."

"Madame begs," said the servant, "that Monsieur will pass on into the boudoir."

"Anybody with Madame?"

"No one but Madame de Clairville."

"Only *l'amie intime*," said Connal—"The bosom friend."

"How will Dora feel?—How will it be with us both," thought Ormond, as he followed the light step of the husband.

"Entrez!—Entrez toujours."

Ormond stopped at the threshold, and absolutely dazzled by the brilliancy of Dora's beauty, her face, her figure, her air so infinitely improved, so fashioned!—

"Dora!—Ah! Madame de Connal," cried Ormond.

No French actor could have done it better than nature did it for him.

Dora gave one glance at Ormond—pleasure, joy, sparkled in her eyes!—Then leaning on the lady who stood beside her, almost sinking, Dora sighed, and exclaimed—

"Ah! Harry Ormond!"

The husband vanished.

"Ah ciel!" said l'amie intime, looking towards Ormond.

"Help me to support her, Monsieur—while I seek l'eau de Cologne."

Ormond, seized with sudden tremour, could scarcely advance.

Dora sunk on the sofa, clasping her beautiful hands, and exclaiming—

"The companion of my earliest days!"

Then Ormond, excused to himself, sprang forward—

"Friend of my childhood!" cried he—

"Yes, my sister,—your father promised me this friendship—this happiness," said he, supporting her, as she raised herself from the sofa.

"Ah! I know it well, Monsieur—I

understand it all," said Madame de Clairville.

"Où est il? où est il?—Where is he, Monsieur Ormond?" cried Mademoiselle, throwing open the door. "Ah ciel, comme il est beau! A perfect Frenchman already! And how much embellished by dress!—Ah! Paris for that.—Did I not prophesy?—Dora, my darling, do me the justice—But how seized!—Comme vous voila saisi.—Here's l'amie with l'eau de Cologne. Ah! my child, recover yourself, for here is some one—the Comte de Jarillac it is, entering the salon."

The promptitude of Dora's recovery was a new surprise to our hero. "Follow me," said she to him, and with Parisian ease and grace she glided into the salon to receive M. de Jarillac—presented Ormond to M. le Comte—"Anglois—Irlandois—an English an Irish gentleman—The companion of her childhood," with the slightest, lightest tone of senti-

ment imaginable;—and another count and another came, and a baron, and a marquis, and a duke, and Madame la Comtesse de ——, and Madame la Duchesse ——; and all were received with ease, respect, vivacity, or sentiment, as the occasion required;—now advancing a step or two to mark *empressement* where requisite. Regaining always, imperceptibly, the most advantageous situation and attitude for herself. Presenting Ormond to every one—quite intent upon him, yet appearing entirely occupied with every body else; and, in short, never forgetting them, him, or herself for an instant.

"Can this be Dora?" thought Ormond, in admiration, yet in astonishment that divided his feelings. It was indeed wonderful to see how quickly, how completely, the Irish country girl had been metamorphosed into a French woman of fashion.

And now surrounded by admirers,

by adorers in embroidery, and blazing with crosses and stars—she received *les hommages*—enjoyed *le succès*—accepted the incense, without bending too low or holding herself too high—not too sober, nor too obviously intoxicated. Vanity in all her heart, yet vanity not quite turning her head, not more than was agreeable and becoming—extending her smiles to all, and hoping all the time that Harry Ormond envied each. Charmed with him, for her early passion for him had revived in an instant. The first sight of his figure and air, the first glance in the boudoir had been sufficient. She knew, too, how well he would *succeed* at Paris, how many rivals she would have in a week—these perceptions, sensations, and conclusions, requiring so much time in slow words to express, had darted through Dora's head in one instant, had exalted her imagination, and touched her heart —as much as that heart could be touched.

Ormond mean time breathed more

freely, and recovered from his tremours. Madame de Connal, surrounded by adorers, and shining in the salon, was not so dangerous as Dora half fainting in the boudoir;—nor had any words that wit or sentiment could devise power to please or touch him so much as the "*Harry Ormond!*" which had burst naturally from Dora's lips. Now he began almost to doubt whether nature or art prevailed.—Now he felt himself safe at least, since he saw that it was only the coquet of the Black Islands transformed into the coquet of the Hotel de Connal. The transformation was curious, was admirable; Ormond thought he could admire without danger, and, in due time, perhaps gallant, with the best of them all, without feeling, without scruple.

The tables were now arranging for play. The conversation he heard every where round him related to the good or bad fortune of the preceding nights. Ormond perceived, that it was the custom of

the house to play every evening, and the sentences that reached him about bets and debts confirmed the hint which his guardian had given him, that Connal played high.

At present, however, he did not seem to have any design upon Ormond, he was engaged at the farther end of the room. He left Ormond quite to himself, and to Madame, and never once even asked him to play.

There seemed more danger of his being *left out*, than of his being *taken in.*

" Donnez moi le bras—Come with me, Monsieur Ormond"—said Mademoiselle, " and you shall lose nothing,—while they are settling about their parties, we can get one little moment's chat."

She took him back to the boudoir.

" I want to make you know your Paris," said she—" here we can see the whole world pass in review, and I shall tell you every thing most necessary for you to know ;—for example—who is who

—and still more it imports you to know who and who are together."

"Look at that lady, beautiful as the day, in diamonds."

"Madame de Connal do you mean?" said Ormond.

"Ah! no; not her always!"—said Mademoiselle—"though she has the apple here, without contradiction," continued Mademoiselle, still speaking in English, which it was always her pride to speak to whoever could understand her.

"Absolutely!—without vanity, though my niece, I may say it, she a perfect creature—and mise à ravir!—Did you ever see such a change for the best in one season.—Ah! Paris!—Did I not tell you well?—And you felt it well yourself—you lost your head, I saw that, at first sight of her, *à la Françoise*—the best proof of your taste and sensibilité—she has infinite sensibility too!—interesting, and at the height, what you English call the tip-top of the fashion here."

"So it appears, indeed," said Ormond, "by the crowd of admirers I see round Madame de Connal."

"Admirers! yes, adorers you may say—Encore! If you added lovers you would not be much wrong; dying for love—éperdument épris!—See, there,' he who is bowing now—Monsieur le Marquis de Beaulieu—homme de cour—plein d'esprit—-homme marquant—-very remarkable man. But—Ah voilà qui entre—of the court. Did you ever see finer entrée made by man into a room, so full of grace. Ah! Le Comte de Belle Chasse—How many women already he has *lost!*—It is a real triumph to Madame de Connal to have him in her chains.—What a smile!—C'est lui qui est aimable pour nous autres—d'une soumission pour les femmes—d'une fierté pour les hommes.—As the lamb gentle for the pretty woman; as the lion terrible for the man. It is that Comte de Belle Chasse, who is absolutely irresistible."

" *Absolutely* irresistible," Ormond repeated, smiling, " not absolutely, I hope."

" Oh, that is understood—you do not doubt la sagesse de Madame?—Besides *heureusement* there is an infinite safety for her in the number, as you see, of her adorers. Wait till I name them to you, I shall give you a catalogue raisonnée."

With rapid enunciation Mademoiselle went through the names and rank of the circle of adorers, noting with complacency the number of ladies, to whom each man of gallantry was supposed to have paid his addresses—next to being of the blood royal this appearing to be the highest distinction.

" And à propos, Monsieur d'Ormond, you, yourself, when do you count to go to Versailles?—Ah! when you shall see the king and the king's supper, and Madame la Dauphine! Ah!"

Mademoiselle was recalled from the extacy in which she had thrown up her

eyes to Heaven, by some gentleman speaking to her as he passed the open cabinet door arm in arm with a lady—Mademoiselle answered, with a profound inclination of the head, whispering to Ormond after they had passed—M. le duc de C—— with Madame de la Tour. "Why he is constant always to that woman, Heaven knows better than I.—Stand, if you are so good, Monsieur, a little more this way, and give your attention, they don't want you yet at play."

Then designating every person at the different card tables, she told that such a lady is such a gentleman's wife, and there is M. le Baron de L—— her lover, the gentleman who looks over her cards—and that other lady with the joli pompon, she is intimate with M. de la Tour, the husband of the lady who passed with M. le Duc. Mademoiselle explained all these arrangements with the most perfect sang froid, as things of course, that every body knew and spoke of, except just be-

fore the husbands;—but there was no mystery, no concealment—"What use?—To what good?"

Ormond asked whether there were any ladies in the room, who were supposed to be faithful to their husbands.

"Eh!—Ma niece par exemple, Madame de Connal—I may cite as a woman of la plus belle reputation, sans tâche—what you call unblemish."

"Assuredly," said Ormond, "you could not, I hope, think me so indiscreet—I believe I said *ladies* in the plural number."

"Ah! oui, assuredly, and I can name you twenty. To begin, there, do you see that woman standing up, who has the air as if she think of nothing at all, and nobody thinking of her, with only her husband near her, *cet grand homme blême.*—There is Madame de la Rousse—*d'une réputation intacte!*—frightfully dressed as she is always!—But hold, you see that pretty little Comtesse de la Brie, all in

white?—Charmante! I give her to you as a reputation against which slander cannot breathe—Nouvelle mariée—bride—in what you call de honey moon;—but we don't know that in French—no matter!—again, since you are curious in these things, there is another reputation without spot, Madame de St. Ange, I warrant her to you—bien froide celle-là, cold as any English, married a full year—and still her choice to make;—allons, there is three I give you already, without counting my niece; and wait, I will find you yet another," said Mademoiselle, looking carefully through the crowd.

She was relieved from her difficulty by the entrance of the little abbé, who came to summon Monsieur to Madame de Connal, who did him the honour to invite him to the table. Ormond played, and fortune smiled upon him as she usually does upon a new votary; and beauty smiled upon him perhaps on the same principle. Connal never came near

him till supper was announced; then only to desire him to give his arm to a charming little Countess—La Nouvelle Mariée—Madame de Connal belonging, by right of rank, to Monsieur le Comte de Belle Chasse. The supper was one of the delightful *petit soupers* for which Paris was famous at that day, and which she will never see again.

The moralist, who considers the essential interests of morality more than the immediate pleasures of society, will think this rather a matter of rejoicing than regret. How far such society and correct female conduct be compatible, is a question which it might take too long a time to decide.

Therefore, be it sufficient here to say, that Ormond, without staying to examine it, was charmed with the present effect; with the gaiety, the wit, the politeness, the ease, and altogether with that indescribable thing, that untranslateable esprit de société. He could not after-

wards remember any thing very striking or very solid that had been said, but all was agreeable at the moment, and there was great variety. Ormond's self love was, he knew not how, flattered. Without effort, it seemed to be the object of every body to make Paris agreeable to him; and they convinced him, that he would find it the most charming place in the world—without any disparagement to his own country, to which all solid honours and advantages were left undisputed. The ladies whom he had thought so little captivating at first view at the theatre, were all charming on *further acquaintance*, so full of vivacity, and something so flattering in their manner, that it put a stranger at once at his ease. Towards the end of the supper he found himself talking to two very pretty women at once, with good effect, and thinking at the same time of Dora and the Comte de Belle Chasse. Moreover, he thought he saw that Dora was doing the same

between the irresistible Duke and the Comte plein d'esprit, from whom, while she was listening and talking without intermission, her eyes occasionally strayed, and once or twice met those of Ormond.

"Is it indiscreet to ask you, whether you passed your evening agreeably?" said M. de Connal, when the company had retired.

"Delightfully," said Ormond, "the most agreeable evening I ever passed in my life!"

Then fearing that he had spoken with too much enthusiasm, and that the husband might observe that his eyes, as he spoke, involuntarily turned towards Madame de Connal, he moderated (he might have saved himself the trouble), he moderated his expression by adding, "that as far as he could yet judge, he thought French society very agreeable."

"You have seen nothing yet, you are right not to judge hastily," said Connal,

"But so far, I am glad you are tolerably well satisfied."

"Ah! oui, Monsieur Ormond," cried Mademoiselle, joining them, "we shall fix you at Paris, I expect."

"You hope, I suppose you mean, my dear aunt," said Dora, with such flattering hope in her voice, and in the expression of her countenance, that Ormond decided that he—

"Certainly, intended to spend the winter at Paris."

Connal, satisfied with this certainty, would have let Ormond go.—But Mademoiselle had many compliments to make him and herself upon his pronunciation, and his fluency in speaking the French language—really like a Frenchman himself.—The Marquis de Beaulieu had said so to her—she was sure M. d'Ormond could not fail to *succeed* in Paris, with that perfection added to all his other advantages. It was the greatest of all advantage in the world—the greatest ad-

vantage in the *universe*—she was going on to say, but Connal finished the flattery better.

"You would pity us, Ormond," cried he, interrupting Mademoiselle, "if you could see and hear the Vandals, they send to us from England with letters of introduction——barbarians who can neither sit, stand, nor speak—nor even articulate the language. How many of these *butors!* rich, of good family, I have been sometimes called upon to introduce into society, and to present at court!—Upon my honour it has happened to me, to wish they might hang themselves out of my way, or be found dead in their beds the day I was to take them to Versailles."

"It is really too great a tax upon the good breeding of the lady of the house," said Madame de Connal, "deplorable! when she has nothing better to say of an English guest, than that 'Ce monsieur la a un grand talent pour le silence.'"

Ormond, conscious that he had talked away at a great rate, was pleased by this indirect compliment.

"But such personnages muëts never really see French society. Every body is quit of them for a supper—not a *petit souper*—no, no, an invitation to a great assembly, where they see nothing. Milord Anglois is lost in the crowd, or stuck across a door-way by his own sword.—Now, what could any letter of recommendation do for such a fellow as that?"

"The letters of recommendation which are of most advantage," said Madame de Connal—"are those which are written in the countenance."

Ormond had presence of mind enough not to bow, though the compliment was directed distinctly to him—a look of thanks he knew was sufficient. As he retired, Mademoiselle, pursuing to the door, begged that he would come as early as he could the next morning, that

she might introduce him to her apartments, and explain to him all the superior conveniences of a French house. M. de Connal representing, however, that the next day Mr. Ormond was to go to Versailles, Mademoiselle acknowledged *that* was an affair to which all others must yield.

Well flattered by all the trio, and still more perhaps by his own vanity, our young hero *was* at last suffered to depart.

The first appearance at Versailles was a matter of great consequence.—Court dress was then an affair of as much importance at Paris, as it seems to be now in London, if we may judge by the columns of birth day dresses, and the *honourable notice* of gentlemen's coats and waistcoats. It was then at Paris, however, as it is now, and ever will be all over the world, essential to the appearance of a gentleman, that whatever time, pains, or expense it might have cost,

he should, from the moment he is dressed; *be* or at least *seem* above his dress. In this as in most cases, the shortest and safest way to *seem* is to *be*. Our young hero being free from personal conceit, or overweening anxiety about his appearance, looked at ease. He called at the Hotel de Connal the day he was to go to Versailles, and Mademoiselle was in extacy at the sight of his dress, exclaiming, "superbe!—magnifique!"

Connal seemed more struck with his air than his dress, and Dora, perhaps, was most pleased with his figure—she was silent—but it was a silence that spoke—her husband heeded not what it said, but, pursuing his own course, observed, that to borrow the expression of Crepin, the valet de chambre, no contemptible judge in these cases, Monsieur Ormond looked not only as if he was *né coiffè*, but as if he had been born with a sword by his side. "Really, my dear friend," continued Connal, "you look

as if you had come at once full dressed into the world, which in our days is better than coming ready armed out of the head of Jupiter."

Mademoiselle O'Faley now seizing upon Ormond, whom she called her pupil, carried him off, to shew him her apartments, and to shew him the whole house; which she did with many useful notes—pointing out the convenience, and entire liberty, that result from the complete separation of the apartments of the husband and wife in French houses.

"You see, Monsieur et Madame with their own staircases—their own passages, their own doors in and out, and all separate for the people of Monsieur, and the women of Madame, and here through this little door you go into the apartments of Madame."

Ormond's English foot stopped respectfully—

"Eh, entrez toujours," said Mademoiselle, as the husband had said before at the door of the boudoir.

"But Madame de Connal is dressing, perhaps," said Ormond.

"Et puis?—and what then? you must get rid as fast as you can of your English préjugés—and she is not here neither," said Mademoiselle opening the door.

Madame de Connal was in an inner apartment; and Ormond, the instant after he entered this room with Mademoiselle, heard a quick step, which he knew was Dora's, running to bolt the door of the inner room—he was glad that she had not quite got rid of her English prejudices.

She pointed out to him all the accommodations of a French apartment—Mademoiselle had not at this moment the slightest *malice*, or bad intention in any thing she was saying—she simply spoke in all the innocence of a Frenchwoman—if that term be intelligible.—If she had any secret motive, it was merely the vanity of shewing that she was quite Parisienne—and there again she was mistaken, for having lived half her life out

of Paris, she had forgotten, if she ever had it, the tone of good society—and upon her return had overdone the matter, exaggerated the French manners, to prove to her niece, that she knew les usages—les convenances, les nuances—enfin la mode de Paris!—a more dangerous guide in Paris for a young married woman in every respect could scarcely be found.

M. de Connal's valet now came to let Mr. Ormond know, that Monsieur waited his orders.—But for this interruption, he was in a fair way to hear all the private history of the family,—all the secrets that Mademoiselle knew.

Of the amazing communicativeness of Frenchwomen on all subjects our young hero had as yet no conception.

CHAP. XXVIII.

IT was during the latter years of the life of Lewis the fifteenth, and during the reign of Madame du Barré, that Ormond was at Paris. The court of Versailles was at this time in all its splendour, if not in all its glory. At le souper du roi, Ormond beheld, in all the magnificence of dress and jewels, the nobility, wealth, fashion, and beauty of France. Well might the brilliancy dazzle the eyes of a youth fresh from Ireland, when it amazed even old embassadors, accustomed to the ordinary grandeur of courts. When he recovered from his first astonishment, when his eyes were a little better used to the

light, and he looked round and considered all these magnificently decorated personages, assembled for the purpose of standing at a certain distance to see one man eat his supper, it did appear to him an extraordinary spectacle: and the very great solemnity and devotion of the assistants, so unsuited to the French countenance, inclined him to smile. It was well for him, however, that he kept his Irish risible muscles in order, and that no courtier could guess his thoughts—a smile would have lost him his reputation. Nothing in the world appeared to Frenchmen formerly of more importance than their court etiquette; though there were some who began about this time to suspect, that the court order of things might not be co-existent with the order of nature—though there were some philosophers and statesmen began to be aware, that the daily routine of the courtier's etiquette was not as necessary as the motions of the sun, moon,

and planets. Nor could it have been possible to convince half at least of the crowd, who assisted at the king's supper this night, that all the French national eagerness about the health, the looks, the words, of *le Roi*, all the attachment, *le dévouement*, professed habitually—perhaps felt habitually—for the reigning monarch, whoever or whatever he might be, by whatever name; notre bon roi, or simply, notre roi de France; should in a few years pass away, and be no more seen.

Ormond had no concern with the affairs of the nation, nor with the future fate of any thing he beheld—he was only a spectator, a foreigner—and his business was, according to Mademoiselle's maxim, to enjoy to-day, and to reflect to-morrow. His enjoyment of this day was complete—he not only admired, but was admired. In the vast grand crowd he was distinguished—some nobleman of note asked who he was—another observed *l'air*

noble—another exclaimed "*Le bel Anglois!*" and his fortune was made at Paris, especially as a friend of Madame du Barré's asked where he bought his embroidery—

He went afterwards, at least in Connal's society, by the name of "*Le bel Anglois.*" Half in a tone of raillery, yet with a look that shewed she felt it to be just, Madame de Connal first adopted the appellation, and then changed the term to "*mon bel Irlandois.*" Invitations upon invitations poured upon Ormond. It was who should have him at their parties—he was every where—attending Madame de Connal—and she, how proud to be attended by Ormond! He dreaded lest his principles should not withstand the strong temptation. He could not leave her, but he determined to see her only in crowds. Accordingly, he avoided every select party,—l'amie intime could never for the first three weeks get him to one *petit comité,* though

Madame de Connal assured him that her friend's petit soûpers "were charming, worth all the crowded assemblies in Paris."—Still he pursued his plan, and sought for safety in a course of dissipation.

"I give you joy," said Connal to him one day, "you are fairly launched! you are no distressed vessel to be *taken in tow*, nor a petty bark to sail in any man's *wake*. You have a gale, and are likely to have a triumph of your own."

Connal was, upon all occasions, careful to impress upon Ormond's mind, that he left him wholly to himself, for he was aware that in former days he had offended his independent spirit by airs of protection. He managed better now—he never even invited him to play, though it was his main object to draw him to his faro table. He made use of some of his friends or confederates, who played for him; Connal occasionally coming to the table as an unconcerned spectator. Ormond played with so

much freedom, and seemed to be so genteelly indifferent whether he lost or won, that he was considered as an easy dupe. Time only was necessary, Connal thought, to lead him on gradually, and without alarm, to let him warm to the passion for play. Mean while Madame de Connal felt as fully persuaded, that Ormond's passion for her would increase. It was her object to *fix* him at Paris—but she should be content, perfectly happy with his friendship, his society, his sentiments —Her own *sentiment* for him, as she confessed to Madame de Clairville, was absolutely invincible—but it should never lead her beyond the bounds of virtue. It was involuntary—it should never be a crime.

Madame de Clairville, who understood her business, and spoke with all the fashionable *cant* of sensibility, asked how it was possible, that an involuntary sentiment could ever be a crime?

As certainly as the novice among a band of sharpers is taught by the tech-

nical language of the gang to conquer his horror of crime—so certainly does the *cant of sentiment* operate upon the female novice, and vanquish her fear of shame, and moral horror of vice.

The allusion is coarse,—so much the better,—strength, not elegance, is necessary on some occasions to make an impression.

The truth will strike the good sense and good feelings of our countrywomen, and unadorned, they will prefer it to German or French sophistry. By such sophistry, however, was Dora led on insensibly.

But Ormond did not yet advance in learning the language of sentiment—he was amusing himself in the world,—and Dora imagined, that the dissipation in which he lived prevented him from having time to think of his passion—she began to hate the dissipation.

Connal one day, when Dora was present, observed that Ormond seemed to

be quite in his natural element in this sea of pleasure.

"Who would have thought it?" said Dora, "I thought Mr. Ormond's taste was more for domestic happiness and retirement."

"Retirement at Paris!" said Ormond.

"Domestic happiness at Paris!" said Connal.

Madame de Connal sighed——No, it was Dora that sighed.

"Where do you go to-night?" said her husband.

"No where—I shall stay at home.—And you?"—said she, looking up at Harry Ormond.

"To Madame de la Tour's."

"That's the affair of half an hour—only to appear—"

"Afterwards to the opera," said Ormond.

"And after the opera—can't you sup here?" said Madame de Connal.

"With the utmost pleasure—but that

I am engaged to Madame de la Brie's ball."

"That's true," cried Madame de Connal, starting up, "I had forgot it—so am I this fortnight—I may as well go to the opera, too, and I can carry you to Madame de la Tours—I owe her a five minutes sitting—Though she is un peu precieuse—And what can you find in that little cold Madame de la Brie—do you like ice?"

"He like to break de ice, I suppose," said Mademoiselle—"Ma foi, you must then take a hatchet there."

"No occasion; I had rather slide upon the ice than break it—My business at Paris is merely, you know, to amuse myself," said he, looking at Connal, "Glissez mortels n'appuyez pas."

"But if de ice should melt of itself," said Mademoiselle, "what would you do den? What would become of him, den, do you think, my dear niece?"

It was a case which he did not like to

consider—Dora blushed—No creature was so blind as Mademoiselle, with all her boasted quickness and penetration.

From this time forward no more was heard of Madame de Connal's taste for domestic life and retirement—she seemed quite convinced, either by her husband, or by Mr. Ormond, or both, that no such thing was practicable at Paris. She had always liked le grand monde—she liked it better now than ever, when she found Ormond in every crowded assembly, every place of public amusement—a continual round of breakfasts, dinners, balls—court balls—bal masqué—bal de l'opera—plays—grand entertainments, petits soupers—fêtes at Versailles—pleasure in every possible form and variety of luxury and extravagance succeeded day after day, and night after night—and Ormond, le bel Irlandois, once in fashion, was every where, and every where admired, flattered by the women, who wished to draw him in to

be their partners at play, still more flattered by those who wished to engage him as a lover—most of all flattered by Dora.—He felt his danger.—Improved in coquetry by Parisian practice and power, Dora tried her utmost skill—she played off with great dexterity her various admirers to excite his jealousy—the Marquis de Beaulieu, the witty marquis, and the Count de Belle-Chasse, the irresistible count, were dangerous rivals. She succeeded in exciting Ormond's jealousy, but in his noble mind there were strong opposing principles to withstand his selfish gratification.—It was surprising with what politeness to each other, with how little love, all the suitors carried on this game of gallantry, and competition of vanity.

Till Ormond appeared, it had been the general opinion, that before the end of the winter or the spring, the count de Belle Chasse would be triumphant. Why Ormond did not enter the lists, when

there appeared to all the judges such a chance of his winning the prize, seemed incomprehensible to the spectators, and still more to the rival candidates. Some settled it with the exclamation "Inoui!" Others pronounced that it was English bizarrerie. Every thing seemed to smooth the slippery path of temptation—the indifference of her husband—the imprudence of her aunt, and of Madame de Clairville—the general customs of French society—the peculiar profligacy of the society into which he happened to be thrown—the opinion which he saw prevailed, that if he withdrew from the competition a rival would immediately profit by his forbearance, conspired to weaken his resolution.

Many accidental circumstances concurred to increase the danger.—At these balls, to which he went originally to avoid Dora in smaller parties, Madame de Connal, though she constantly appeared, seldom danced.—She did not dance well

enough to bear comparison with French dancers; Ormond was in the same situation. The dancing which was very well in England would not do in Paris—no late lessons could, by any art, bring them to an equality with French nature.

"Ah, il ne danse pas!—He dances like an Englishman." At the first ball this comforted the suitors, and most the Count de Belle-Chasse; but this very circumstance drew Ormond and Dora closer together--she pretended head aches, and languor, and lassitude, and, in short, sat still.

But it was not to be expected, that the Comte de Belle-Chasse could give up dancing:—the Comte de Belle-Chasse danced like le dieu de la danse, another Vestris;* he danced every night, and Ormond sat and talked to Dora, for it was his duty to attend Madame, when the little abbé was out of the way.

The spring was now appearing, and the spring is delightful in Paris, and the

promenades in the Champs Elysées, and in the Bois de Boulogne, and the promenade in Long-Champ commenced.—Riding was just coming into high fashion with the French ladies; and, instead of riding in man's clothes, and like a man, it was now the ambition de monter à cheval à l'Angloise—to ride on a sidesaddle and in an English riding habit, was now the ambition. Now Dora, though she could not dance as well—could ride better than any Frenchwoman, and she was ambitious to shew herself and her horsemanship in the Bois de Boulogne:—but she had no horse that she liked. Le Comte de Belle-Chasse offered to get one broke for her at the king's riding-house—this she refused:—but fortunately Ormond, as was the custom with the English at that time, had, after his arrival, some English horses brought over to him at Paris. Among these was the horse he had once broke for Dora.

For this an English sidesaddle was

procured—she was properly equipped and mounted.

And the two friends, le bel Irlandois, as they persisted in calling Ormond; and la belle Irlandoise, and their horses, and their horsemanship, were the admiration of the promenade.

The Comte de Belle-Chasse sent to London for an English horse at any price.—He was out of humour—and Ormond in the finest humour imaginable.—Dora was grateful; her horse was a beautiful, gentle-spirited creature:—it was called Harry—it was frequently patted and caressed, and told how much it was valued and loved.

Ormond was now in great danger, because he felt himself secure that he was only a friend—*l'ami de la maison.*

CHAP. XXIX.

THERE was a picture of Dagote's, which was at this moment an object of fashionable curiosity in Paris. It was a representation of one of the many charitable actions of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, "then Dauphiness—at that time full of life, and splendour, and joy, adorning and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,"—and yet diffusing life, and hope, and joy to that lower sphere, to which the radiance of the great and happy seldom reaches. The Dauphiness was at that time the pride of France, and the darling of Paris; —not only worshipped by the court, but loved by the people. While she was

Dauphiness, and during the commencement of her reign, every thing, even disastrous accidents, and the rigour of the season, served to give her fresh opportunity of winning the affection, and exciting the enthusiasm of the people. When during the festivities on her marriage hundreds were crushed to death by the fall of a temporary building, the sensibility of the Dauphiness, the eagerness with which she sent all her money to the lieutenant de police for the families of those who had perished, conciliated the people, and turned even the evil presage to good. Again, during a severe frost, her munificence to the suffering poor excited such gratitude, that the people erected to her honour a vast pyramid* of snow—Frail memorial!—"These marks of respect were almost as transitory as the snowy pyramid."

Ormond went with Mademoiselle O'Faley one morning to see the picture of the Dauphiness, and he had now an op-

portunity of seeing a display of French sensibility, that eagerness to feel and to excite *a sensation*; that desire to *produce an effect*, to have a scene; that half real half theatric enthusiasm, by which the French character is peculiarly distinguished from the English. He was perfectly astonished by the quantity of exclamations he heard at the sight of this picture; the lifting up of hands and eyes, the transports, the ecstacies, the tears, the actual tears that he saw streaming in despite of rouge—It was real! and it was not real feeling!—Of one thing he was clear, that this superfluity of feeling or exaggeration of expression completely silenced him, and made him cold indeed—like one unskilled or dumb he seemed to stand.

"But are you of marble," cried Mademoiselle, "where is your sensibilité then?"

"I hope it is safe at the bottom of my heart," said Ormond, "but when it is

called for I can not always find it,—especially on these public occasions."

"Ah! but what good all the sensibilité in the world do at the bottom of your heart, where nobody see it?—It is on these public occasions too you must always contrive and find it quick at Paris, or after all you will seem but an Englishman."

"I must be content to seem and to be what I am," said Ormond, in a tone of playful, but determined resignation.

"Bon!" said a voice near him.--Mademoiselle went off in impatience to find some better auditor—she did not hear the "*Bon.*"

Ormond turned, and saw near him a gentleman, whom he had often met at some of the first houses at Paris. The Abbé Morellet, then respected as the most *reasonable* of all the wits of France, and who has since, through all the trying scenes of the revolution, through the varieties of unprincipled change, preserved

unaltered the integrity and frankness of his character—retaining even to his eighty-seventh year all his characteristic warmth of heart and clearness of understanding, *le doyen de la littérature Françoise*—the love, respect, and admiration of every honest heart in France.—May he live to receive among all the other tributes, which his countrymen pay publicly and privately to his merit, this record of the impression his kindness left on grateful English hearts.

Our young hero had often desired to be acquainted with the abbé,—but the abbé had really hitherto passed him over as a mere young man of fashion,—a mere Milord Anglois, one of the ephemeral race, who appear in Parisian society, vanish, and leave no trace behind.—But now he did him the honour to enter into conversation with him.—The abbé peculiarly disliked all affectation of sentiment and exaggeration;—they were revolting to his good sense, good taste,

and feeling. Ormond won directly his good opinion and good will, by having insisted upon it to Mademoiselle, that he would not for the sake of fashion or effect pretend to feel more than he really did.

"Bah!" said the abbé, "hear all those women now and all those men—they do not know what they are saying—they make me sick.—And, besides, I am afraid these flattering courtiers will do no good to our young Dauphiness, on whom so much of the future happiness or misery of France will depend.—Her heart is excellent; and they tell me she announces a strong character;—but what head of a young beauty and a young queen will be able to withstand perpetual flattery? They will lead her wrong, and then would be the first to desert her—Trust me, I know Paris.—All this might change as quickly as the turn of a weathercock;—but I will not trouble you with forebodings, perhaps never to

be realized. You see Paris, Monsieur, at a fortunate time," continued he,—"society is now more agreeable, has more freedom, more life and variety, than at any other period that I can remember."

Ormond replied by a just compliment to the men of letters, who at this period added so much to the brilliancy and pleasure of Parisian society.

"But you have seen nothing of our men of literature, have you?" said the abbé.

"Much less than I wish.—I meet them frequently in society, but as, unfortunately, I have no pretensions to their notice, I can only catch a little of their conversation, when I am fortunate enough to be near them."

"Yes," said the abbé, with his peculiar look and tone of good-natured irony, "between the pretty things you are saying and hearing from —— Fear nothing, I am not going to name any *one*, but—

every pretty woman in company.—I grant you it must be difficult to hear reason in such a situation—as difficult almost as in the midst of the din of all the passions at the faro-table. I observe, however, that you play with astonishing coolness—there is something still—wanting.—Excuse me—but you interest me, Monsieur—the determination not to play at all."

"Beyond a certain sum, I have resolved never to play," said Ormond.

"Ah! but the appetite grows—l'appétit vient en mangeant—the danger is acquiring the taste—excuse me if I speak too freely."

"Not at all—you cannot oblige me more.—But there is no danger of my acquiring a taste for play, because I am determined to lose."

"Bon!" said the abbé, "that is the most singular determination I ever heard; explain that to me then, Monsieur."

"I have determined to lose a certain sum—suppose five hundred guineas—I have won and lost backwards and forwards, and have been longer about it than you would conceive to be probable, but it is not lost yet.—The moment it is, I shall stop short.—By this means I have acquired all the advantages of yielding to the fashionable madness, without risking my future happiness."

The abbé was pleased with the idea, and with the frankness and firmness of our young hero.

"Really, Monsieur," said he, "you must have a strong head; you, le bel Irlandois, to have prevented it from turning with all the flattery you have received at Paris. There is nothing which gets into the head—worse still—into the heart so soon, so dangerously, as the flattery of pretty women.—And yet, I declare you seem wonderfully sober, considering."

"Ne jurez pas," said Ormond—"but

at least in one respect I have not quite lost my senses; I know the value, and feel the want of a safe, good guide at Paris; if I dared to ask such a favour I should, since he has expressed some interest for me, beg to be permitted to cultivate the acquaintance of M. l'Abbé Morellet."

"Ah ça—now my head will turn, for no head can stand the dose of flattery, that happens to suit the taste. I am particularly flattered by the idea of being a safe, good friend; and frankly, if I can be of any service to you, I will. Is there any thing I can do for you?"

Ormond thanked him, and told him that it was his great ambition to become acquainted with the celebrated men of literature in Paris,—he said he should feel extremely obliged, if M. Morellet would take occasion to introduce him to any of them they might meet in society.

"We must do better for you," said the abbé, "we must shew you our men of letters;" he concluded by begging Or-

mond to name a day, when he could do him the honour to breakfast with him. "I will promise you Marmontel at least, for he is just going to be married to my niece, and of him we shall be secure; and as to the rest I will promise nothing, but do as much as I can."

"The men of letters, about this period, at Paris," as the abbé explained to Ormond, "began to feel their own power and consequence, and had assumed a tone of independance, yet tempered with due respect for rank. Many of them lived or were connected with men of rank, by places about the court, by secretaryships and pensions, obtained through court influence. Some were attached by early friendship to certain great families; had apartments to themselves in their hotels, where they received what friends they pleased; and, in short, lived as if they were at home. Their company was much sought for by the great; and they enjoyed good houses,

good tables, carriages, all the conveniences of life, and all the luxuries of the rich, without the trouble of an establishment. Their mornings were their own, employed in study usually, and they came down from their studies, and gave themselves to society for the rest of the day. While this state of things lasted—was the most agreeable period, perhaps, of French literary society.

The Abbé Morellet's breakfast was very agreeable, and Ormond saw at his house, what he had promised him, many of the literary men at Paris. Voltaire was not then in France; and Rousseau, who was always quarrelling with somebody, and generally with every body, could not be prevailed upon to come to this breakfast. Ormond was assured, that he lost nothing by not seeing him, or by not hearing his conversation, for it was by no means equal to his writings; his temper was so susceptible and wayward, that he was not fit for society—

neither capable of enjoying nor of adding to its pleasures.—Ormond heard perhaps more of Rousseau and Voltaire, and learnt more of their characters, by the anecdotes that were related, and the bon mots that were repeated, than he could have done if they had been present. There was great variety of different characters and talents at this breakfast; and the abbé amused himself by making his young friend guess who the people were before he told their names. It was happy for Ormond; that he was acquainted with some of their writings, (this he owed to Lady Annaly's well chosen present of French books). He was fortunate in his first guess—Marivaux's conversation was so like the style of his writings, so full of hair breadth distinctions, subtle exceptions, and metaphysical refinement and digressions, that Ormond soon guessed him, and was applauded for his quickness.—Marmontel he discovered by his being the only man in the room

who had not mentioned to him any of "Les Contes Moraux."—But there was one person who set all his skill at defiance: he pronounced that he was no author—that he was l'ami de la maison—he was so indeed wherever he went—but he was both a man of literature, and a man of deep science—no less a person than the great d'Alembert. Ormond thought d'Alembert and Marmontel were the two most agreeable men in company—d'Alembert was simple, openhearted, unpresuming, and cheerful in society. Far from being subject to that absence of mind, with which profound mathematicians are sometimes reproached, d'Alembert was present to every thing that was going forward—every trifle he enjoyed with the zest of youth, and the playfulness of childhood.—Ormond confessed, that he should never have guessed that he was a great mathematician and profound calculator.

Marmontel was distinguished for com-

bining in his conversation, as in his character, two qualities for which there are no precise English words, *naïveté* and *finesse*. Whoever is acquainted with Marmontel's writings must have a perfect knowledge of what is meant by both.

It was fortunate for our young hero, that Marmontel was, at this time, no longer the dissipated man he had been during too great a period of his life.—He had now returned to his early tastes for simple pleasures and domestic virtues:—had formed that attachment, which afterwards made the happiness of his life.—He was just going to be married to the amiable Mademoiselle Montigny, a niece of the Abbé Morellet;—she, and her excellent mother, lived with him; and Ormond was most agreeably surprised and touched at the unexpected sight of an amiable, united, happy family, when he had only expected to see a meeting of literati.

The sight of this domestic happiness reminded him of the Annalys—brought the image of Florence to his mind.—If she had been but sincere, how he should have preferred her to all he had seen.

It came upon him just at the right moment.—It contrasted with all the dissipation he had seen, and it struck him the more strongly, because it could not possibly have been prepared as a moral lesson to make an impression.—He saw the real, natural course of things—he heard in a few hours the result of the experience of a man of great vivacity, great talents, who had led a life of pleasure, and who had had opportunities of seeing and feeling all that it could possibly afford, at the period of the greatest luxury and dissipation ever known in France. No evidence could be stronger than Marmontel's in favour of virtue and of domestic life, nor could any one express it with more grace and persuasive eloquence.

It did Ormond infinite good.—He required such a lesson at this juncture, and he was capable of taking it—it recalled him to his better self.

The good abbé seemed to see something of what passed in Ormond's mind, and became still more interested about him.

"Ah, ça," said he to Marmontel, as soon as Ormond was gone, "that young man is worth something, I thought he was only *le bel Irlandois*, but I find he is much more. We must do what we can for him, and not let him leave Paris, as so many do, having seen only the worst part of our society."

Marmontel, who had also been pleased with him, was willing, he said, to do any thing in his power, but he could scarcely hope, that they had the means of drawing, from the double attraction of the faro table and coquetry, a young man of that age and figure.

"Fear nothing, or rather hope every thing," said the abbé, "his head and his

heart are more in our favour, trust me, than his age and his figure are against us.—To begin, my good Marmontel, did not you see how much he was struck and *edified* by your reformation."

"Ah! if their was another Mademoiselle de Montigny for him, I should fear nothing, or rather hope every thing," said Marmontel, "but where shall he find such another in all Paris?"

"In his own country, perhaps, all in good time," said the abbé.

"In his own country?—True," cried Marmontel "now you recal it to my mind, how eager he grew in disputing with Marivaux, upon the distinction between *aimable* and *amiable*.—His description of an *amiable woman*, according to the English taste, was, I recollect, made *con amore*; and there was a sigh at the close which came from the heart, and which shewed the heart was in England or Ireland."

"Wherever his heart is, *c'est bien*

placé," said the abbé, " I like him—we must get him into góod company—he is worthy to be acquainted with your amiable and *aimable* Madame de Beauveau, and Madame de Seran."

" True," said Marmontel, " and for the honour of Paris, we must convince him that he has taken up false notions, and that there is such a thing as conjugal fidelity, and domestic happiness here."

" Bon. That is peculiarly incumbent on the author of '*Les Contes Moraux*,' " said the abbé.

It happened, fortunately for our hero, that Madame de Connal was, about this time, engaged to pass a fortnight at the country house of Madame de Clairville.—During her absence, the good abbé had time to put in execution all his bene volent intentions—he introduced his young friend to some of the really good company of Paris—he pointed out to him at Madame Geoffrin's, Madame de Tençin's, Madame du Deffand's, and Ma-

dame Trudaine's—the difference between the society at the house of a rich farmer general—at the house of one connected with the court, and with people in place and political power—and the society of mixed rank and literature.—The mere passing pictures of these things, to one who was not to live in Paris, might not perhaps, except as a matter of curiosity, be of much value; but his judicious friend led Ormond from these to make comparisons and deductions, which were of use to him all his life afterward.

CHAP. XXX.

ONE morning when Ormond wakened, the first thing that he heard was, that a *person* from Ireland was below, who was very impatient to see him. It was Patrickson, Sir Ulick O'Shane's confidential man of business.

" What news from Castle Hermitage?" cried Ormond, starting up in his bed, surprised at the sight of Patrickson.

" The best that can be—never saw Sir Ulick in such heart—he has a share of the loan, and—"

" And what news of the Annalys?" interrupted Ormond.

" I know nothing about them at all,

Sir," said Patrickson, who was a methodical man of business, and whose head was always intent upon what he called the main chance.—" I have been in Dublin, and heard no country news."

" But have you no letter for me? and what brings you over so suddenly to Paris?"

" I have a letter for you somewhere here, Sir—only I have so many 'tis hard to find," said Patrickson, looking carefully over a parcel of letters in his pocket-book, but with such a drawling slowness of manner, as put Ormond quite out of patience.—Patrickson laid the letters on the bed one by one. " That's not it—and that's not it—that's for Monsieur un tel, Marchand, Rue ——.—That packet's from the Hamburgh merchants—What brings me over?—Why, Sir, I have business enough, Heaven knows."

Patrickson was employed not only by Sir Ulick O'Shane, but by many Dublin

merchants and bankers, to settle business for them with different houses on the Continent. Ormond, without listening to the various digressions he made concerning the persons of mercantile consequence, to whom the letters were addressed, or from whom they were answers, pounced upon the letter in Sir Ulick's hand writing directed to himself, and tore it open eagerly, to see if there was any news of the Annalys.—None, they were still in Devonshire.—The letter was merely a few lines on business—Sir Ulick had now the opportunity he had foreseen, of laying out Ormond's money in the loan, most advantageously for him, but there had been an omission in the drawing up of his power of attorney, which had been drawn in such a hurry on Ormond's leaving home.—It gave power only to sell out of the three per cents., whereas a great deal of Ormond's money was in the four per cents. Another power, Patrickson said, was ne-

cessary, and he had brought one for him to sign.—Patrickson in his slow manner descanted upon the folly of signing papers in a hurry, just when people were getting into carriages, which was always the way with young gentlemen, he said. —He took care that Ormond should do nothing in a hurry now; for he put on his spectacles, and read the power, sparing him not a syllable of the law forms and repetitions. Ormond wrote a few kind lines to Sir Ulick, and earnestly besought him to find out something more about the Annalys.—If Miss Annaly were married, it must have appeared in the papers.—What delayed the marriage? Was Colonel Albemarle dismissed or accepted? Where was he? —Ormond said he would be content, if Sir Ulick could obtain an answer to that single plain question.

All the time Ormond was writing, Patrickson never stirred his forefinger from the spot, where the signature was to be

written at the bottom of the power of attorney.

"Pray," said Ormond, looking up from the paper he was going to sign —"Pray, Patrickson, are you really and truly an Irishman?"

"By the father's side I apprehend, Sir,—but my mother was English.— Stay, Sir, if you please, I must witness it."

"Witness away," said Ormond; and after having signed this paper, empowering Sir Ulick to sell £30,000 out of the four per cents, Ormond lay down, and, wishing him a good journey, settled himself to sleep; while Patrickson, packing up his papers, deliberately said, "he hoped to be in London *in short*,—but that he should go by Havre de Grace, and that he should be happy to execute any commands for Mr. Ormond there or in Dublin."—More he would have said, but finding Ormond by this time past reply, he left the room on

tip-toe. The next morning Madame de Connal returned from the country, and sent Ormond word, that she should expect him at her assembly that night.

Every body complimented Madame de Connal upon the improvement, which the country air had made in her beauty.—Even her husband was struck with it, and paid her his compliments on the occasion,—but she stood conversing so long with Ormond, that the faro players grew impatient—she led him to the table, but evidently had little interest herself in the game.—He played at first with more than his usual success—but late at night his fortune suddenly changed, he lost—lost—till at last he stopped, and rising from the table, said he had no more money, and he could play no longer.—Connal, who was not one of the players, but merely looking on, offered to lend him any sum he pleased. "Here's a rouleau—here are two rouleaus, what will you have?" said Connal.

Ormond declined playing any more—he said, "that he had lost the sum he had resolved to lose, and there he would stop." Connal did not urge him, but laughing said, "that a resolution to *lose* at play was the most extraordinary he had ever heard."

"And yet you see I have kept it," said Ormond.

"Then I hope you will next make a resolution to win," said Connal, "and no doubt you will keep that as well. I prophecy that you will—and you will give fortune fair play to-morrow night."

Ormond simply repeated, that he should play no more.—Madame de Connal soon afterwards rose from the table, and went to talk to Mr. Ormond. She said, "she was concerned for his loss at play this night." He answered, as he felt, "that it was a matter of no consequence to him, that he had done exactly what he had determined; that in the

course of the whole time he had been losing this money, he had had a great deal of amusement in society, had seen a vast deal of human nature and manners, which he could not otherwise have seen, and that he thought his money exceedingly well employed."

"But you shall not lose your money," said Dora, "when next you play, it shall be on my account, as well as your own—you know this is not only a compliment but a solid advantage, Mr. Ormond.—The bank has certain advantages —and it is fair that you should share them.——I must explain to you," continued Madame de Connal, "they are all busy about their own affairs, and we may speak in English at our ease. I must explain to you, that a good portion of my fortune has been settled, so as to be at my own disposal, my aunt, you know, has also a good fortune, we are partners, and put a considerable sum into the faro bank—We find it answers

well.—You see how handsomely we live. —Mr. Connal has his own share.—We have nothing to do with *that*.—If you would take my advice," continued she, speaking in a very persuasive tone, "instead of forswearing play, as you seem inclined to do at the first reverse of fortune, you would join forces with us; you cannot imagine, that *I* would advise you to any thing, that I was not persuaded would be advantageous to you—you little know how much I am interested."—She checked herself, blushed, hesitated—and hurried on, "you have no ties in Ireland—you seem to like Paris? where can you spend your time more agreeably?"

"More agreeably no where upon earth," cried Ormond. Her manner, tone, and look at this moment were so flattering, so bewitching, that he was scarcely master of himself. They went to the boudoir—the company had risen from the faro-table, and, one after ano-

ther, had most of them departed. Connal was gone—only a few remained in a distant apartment, listening to some music. It was late. Ormond had never till this evening stayed later than the generality of the company, but he had now an excuse to himself, something that he had long wished to have an opportunity of saying to Dora, when she should be quite alone;—it was a word of advice about le Comte de Belle-Chasse—her intimacy with him was beginning to be talked of. She had been invited to a bal paré at the Spanish embassador's for the ensuing night—but she had more inclination to go to a balmasqué, as Ormond had heard her declare. Now certain persons had whispered, that it was to meet the Comte de Belle-Chasse that she intended to go to this ball; and Ormond feared, that such whispers might be injurious to her reputation. It was difficult to him to speak, because the counsels of the friend might be mistaken for the jea-

lous fears of a lover. With some embarrassment he delicately, timidly, hinted his apprehensions.

Dora, though naturally of a temper apt to take alarm at the touch of blame, and offence at the tone of advice, now in the most graceful manner thanked her friend for his counsel, said she was flattered, gratified, by the interest it shewed in her happiness—and she immediately yielded her will, her *fantaisie*, to his better judgement. This compliance, and the look with which it was accompanied, convinced him of the absolute power he possessed over her heart. He was enchanted with Dora, she never looked so beautiful; never before, not even in the first days of his early youth, had he felt her beauty so attractive.

"Dear Madame de Connal, dear Dora!" he exclaimed.

"Call me Dora," said she, "I wish ever to be Dora to Harry Ormond. Oh! Harry, my first, my best, my only

friend, I have enjoyed but little real happiness since we parted."

Tears filled her fine eyes—no longer knowing where he was—Harry Ormond found himself at her feet. But while he held and kissed in transport the beautiful hand, which was but feebly withdrawn, he seemed to be suddenly shocked by the sight of one of the rings on her finger.

"My wedding ring," said Dora, with a sigh. "Unfortunate marriage!"

That was not the ring on which Ormond's eyes were fixed.

"Dora, whose grey hair is this?"

"My father's," said Dora, in a tremulous voice.

"Your father!" cried Ormond, starting up.

The full recollection of that fond father, that generous benefactor, that confiding friend, rushed upon his heart.

"And is this the return I make!—Oh, if he could see us at this instant!"

"And if he could," cried Dora, "oh!

how he would admire and love you, Ormond, and how he would—"

Her voice failed, and with a sudden motion she hid her face with both her hands.

" He would see you, Dora, without a guide, protector, friend; surrounded with admirers, among profligate men, and women still more profligate, yet he would see you have preserved a reputation of which your father would be proud."

" My father, oh! my poor father," cried Dora—" Oh! generous, dear, ever generous Ormond!

Bursting into tears—alternate passions seizing her—at one moment, the thoughts of her father, the next of her lover, possessed her imagination.

At this instant the noise of some one approaching recalled them both to their senses. They were found in earnest conversation about a party of pleasure that was to be arranged for the next day. Madame de Connal made Ormond pro-

mise, that he would come the next morning, and settle every thing with M. de Connal for their intended expedition into the country.

The next day, as Ormond was returning to Madame de Connal's, with the firm intention of adhering to the honourable line of conduct he had traced out for himself—just as he was crossing the Pont Neuf, some one ran full against him. Surprised at what happens so seldom in the streets of Paris, where all meet, pass, or cross in crowds with magical celerity and address, he looked back, and at the same instant the person who had passed looked back also. An apparition in broad day-light could not have surprised Ormond, more than the sight of this person.—"Could it be—could it possibly be Moriarty Carroll, on the Pont Neuf in Paris?"

"By the blessing, then, it's the man himself—Master Harry!—though I didn't know him through the French disguise.

Oh! master, then I've been tried and cast, and all but hanged—sentenced to Botany—transported any way—for a robbery I didn't commit, since I saw you last. But your honour's uneasy, and it's not proper I know to be stopping a jantleman in the street; but I have a word to say that will bear no delay, not a minute.'

Ormond's surprise and curiosity increased—he desired Moriarty to follow him.

"And now Moriarty what is it you have to say?"

"It is a long story then, please your honour.—I was transported to Botany, though innocent. But first and foremost for what consarns your honour first."

"First," said Ormond, "if you were transported, how came you here?"

"Because I was not transported, plase your honour, only sentenced—for I escaped from Kilmainham, where I was sent to be put on board the tender; but I got on board of an American ship, by the

help of a friend—and this ship being knocked against the rocks, I come safe ashore in this country on one of the *sticks* of the vessel; so when I knowed it was France I was in, and recollected Miss Dora that was married in Paris, I thought if I could just make my way any hows to Paris, she'd befrind me in case of need."

"But, dear master," said Moriarty, interrupting, "it's a folly to talk—I'll not tell you a word more of myself till you hear the news I have for you. The worst news I have to tell you is, there is great fear of the breaking of Sir Ulick's bank!"

"The breaking of Sir Ulick's bank? I heard from him to-day."

"May be you did, but the captain of the American ship in which I came was complaining of his having been kept two hours at that bank, where they were paying large sums in small notes, and where there was the greatest run upon the house that ever was seen."

Ormond instantly saw his danger—he

recollected the power of attorney he had signed the preceding day. But Patrickson was to go by Havre de Grace—that would delay him.—It was possible that Ormond by setting out instantly might get to London time enough to save his property. He went directly and ordered post horses. He had no debts at Paris, nothing but to pay for his stables and lodging. He had a faithful servant, whom he could leave behind, to make all necessary arrangements.

"You are right, jewel, to be in a hurry," said Carroll. "But sure you won't leave poor Moriarty behind ye here, in distress, when he has no friend in the wide world but yourself."

"Tell me, in the first place, Moriarty, are you innocent?"

"Upon my conscience, master, I am perfectly innocent as the child unborn, both of the murder and the robbery. If your honour will give me leave, I'll tell you the whole story."

"That will be a long affair, Moriarty,

if you talk out of the face as you used to do—I will, however, find an opportunity to hear it all. But, in the mean time, stay where you are till I return."

Ormond went instantly to O'Connal's, to inform him of what had happened. His astonishment was obviously mixed with disappointment. But to do him justice, besides the interest which he really had in the preservation of the fortune, he felt some personal regard for Ormond himself.

"What shall we do without you?" said he. "I assure you, Madame and I have never been so happy together since the first month after our marriage, as we have been since you came to Paris."

Connal, was somewhat consoled by hearing Ormond say, that if he was time enough in London to save his fortune, he proposed returning immediately to Paris, intending to make the tour of Switzerland and Italy.

Connal had no doubt that they should yet be able to fix him at Paris.

Madame de Connal and Mademoiselle were out, Connal did not know where they were gone. Ormond was glad to tear himself away with as few adieus as possible. He got into his travelling carriage, put his servant on the box, and took Moriarty with him in the carriage, that he might relate his history at leisure.

"Plase your honour," said Moriarty, "Mr. Marcus never missed any opportunity of shewing me ill will; the supercargo of the ship that was cast away, when you were with Sir Herbert Annaly, God rest his soul, came down to the sea-side to look for some of the things that he had lost. The day after he came, early in the morning, his horse, and bridle, and saddle, and a surtoo coat, was found in a lane, near the place where we lived, and the supercargo was never heard any more of. Suspicion fell upon many,—the country rung with the noise that was made about this murder,—and at last I was taken up for it, because

people had seen me buy cattle at the fair, and the people would not believe it was with money your honour sent me by the good parson—for the parson was gone out of the country, and I had nobody to stand my friend; for Mr. Marcus was on the grand jury, and the sheriff was his friend, and Sir Ulick was in Dublin, at the Bank. Howsomdever, after a long trial, which lasted the whole day, a 'cute lawyer on my side found out, that there was no proof that any body had been murdered, and that a man might lose his horse, his saddle, and his bridle, and his big coat, without being kilt: so that the judge ordered the jury to let me off for the murder. Then they tried me for the robbery; and sure enough that went again me: for a pair of silver mounted pistols, with a man's name engraved upon them, was found in my house. They knew the man's name by the letters in the big coat.—The judge asked me, what I had to say

for myself—'My Lard,' says I, 'those pistols were brought into my house about a fortnight ago, by a little boy, one little Tommy Dunshaughlin, who found them in a punk-horn, at the edge of a bog-hole.'

"The jidge favoured me more than the jury—for he asked how old the boy was, and whether I could produce him? The little fellow was brought into court, and it was surprising how clear he told his story.—The jidge listened to the child, young as he was.—But M'Crule was on the jury, and said that he knew the child to be as cunning as any in Ireland, and that he would not believe a word that came out of his mouth. So the short and the long of it was, I was condemned to be transported.

"It would have done you good, if you'd heard the cry in the court, when sentence was given, for I was loved in the country. Poor Peggy and Sheelah!—But I'll not be troubling you

honour's tender heart with our parting. I was transmuted to Dublin, to be put on board the tender, and lodged in Kilmainham, waiting for the ship that was to go to Botany. I had not been long there, when another prisoner was brought to the same room with me.—He was a handsome looking man, about thirty years of age,—of the most penetrating eye, and determined countenance, that I ever saw. He appeared to be worn down with ill health, and his limbs much swelled: notwithstanding which, he had strong hand-cuffs on his wrists, and he seemed to be guarded with uncommon care. He begged the turnkey to lay him down upon the miserable iron bed that was in the cell; and he begged him, for God's sake, to let him have a jug of water by his bed-side, and to leave him to his fate.

"I could not help pitying this poor creature; I went to him, and offered him any assistance in my power. He

answered me shortly.—'What are you here for?'—I told him.—'Well,' says he, 'whether you are guilty or not, is your affair, not mine; but answer me at once.—Are you a *good man*?—Can you go through with a thing?—and are you steel to the back bone?'—'I am,' said I.—'Then,' said he, 'you are a lucky man—for he that is talking to you is Michael Dunne, who knows how to make his way out of any jail in Ireland.' Saying this, he sprung with great activity from the bed.—'It is my cue,' said he, 'to be sick and weak, whenever the turnkey comes in, to put him off his guard—for they have all orders to watch me strictly; because as how, do you see, I broke out of the jail of Trim; and when they catched me, they took me before his honour the police magistrate, who did all he could to get out of me, the way which I made my escape.' 'Well,' says the magistrate, 'I'll put you in a place where you can't

get out—till you're sent to Botany.'—'Plase your worship,' says I, 'if there's no offence in saying it, there's no such place in Ireland.'—'No such place as what?'—'No such place as will hold Michael Dunne.'—'What do you think of Kilmainham?' says he.—'I think it's a fine jail—and it will be no asy matter to get out of it—but it is not impossible.'—'Well, Mr. Dunne,' said the magistrate, 'I have heard of your fame, and that you have secrets of your own for getting out. Now if you'll tell me how you got out of the jail of Trim, I'll make your confinement at Kilmainham as asy as may be, so as to keep you safe; and if you do not, you must be ironed, and I will have sentinels from an English regiment, who shall be continually changed—so that you can't get any of them to help you.'—'Plase your worship,' said Dunne, 'that's very hard usage—but I know as how, that you are going to build new jails all over Ireland, and

that you'd be glad to know the best way to make them secure.—If your worship will promise me, that if I get out of Kilmainham, and if I tell you how I do it, that you'll get me a free pardon, I'll try hard but what before three months are over, I'll be a prisoner at large."—'That's more than I can promise you,' said the magistrate, 'but if you will disclose to me the best means of keeping other people in, I will endeavour to keep you from Botany Bay.'—'Now, Sir,' says Dunne, 'I know your worship to be a man of honour, and that your own honour regards yourself, and not me; so that if I was ten times as bad as I am, you'd keep your promise with me, as well as if I was the best gentleman in Ireland.—So that now, Mr. Moriarty,' said Dunne, 'do you see, if I get out, I shall be safe; and if you get out along with me, you have nothing to do but to go over to America. And if you are a married man, and

tired of your wife, you'll get rid of her. If you are not tired of her, and you have any substance, she may sell it and follow you.'

"There was something, Master Harry, about this man, that made me have great confidence in him—and I was ready to follow his advice. Whenever the turnkey was coming, he was groaning and moaning on the bed. At other times he made me keep bathing his wrists with cold water, so that in three or four days they were not half the size they were at first. This change he kept carefully from the jailor. I observed that he frequently asked what day of the month it was, but that he never made any attempt to speak to the sentinels; nor did he seem to make any preparation, or to lay any scheme for getting out.—I held my tongue, and waited qui'tely. At last, he took out of his pocket a little flageolet, and began to play upon it. He asked me if I could

play, I said I could a little, but very badly. I don't care how bad it is, if you can play at all. He got off the bed where he was lying, and with the utmost ease, pulled his hands out of his hand-cuffs. Besides the swelling of his wrists having gone down, he had some method of getting rid of his thumb, that I never could understand. Says I, 'Mr. Dunne, the jailor will miss the fetters.' No,' said he, 'for I will put them on again,'—and so he did, with great ease.—'Now,' said he, 'it is time to begin our work.'

"He took off one of his shoes, and taking out the in-sole, he shewed me a hole, —that was cut where the heel was, in which there was a little small flat bottle, which he told me was the most precious thing in life. And under the rest of the sole, there were a number of saws, made of watch spring, that lay quite flat and snug under his foot. The next time the turnkey came in, he begged, for the love

of God, to have a pipe and some tobacco, which was accordingly granted to him. What the pipes and tobacco were for, I could not then guess, but they were found to be useful.—He now made a paste of some of the bread of his allowance, with which he made a cup round the bottom of one of the bars of the window; into this cup, he poured some of the contents of the little bottle, which was, I believe, oil of vitriol; in a little time, this made a bad smell, and it was then I found the use of the pipe and tobacco, for the smell of the tobacco quite bothered the smell of the vitriol.—When he thought he had softened the iron bar sufficiently, he began to work away with the saws, and he soon taught me how to use them; so that we kept working on continually, no matter how little we did at a time; but as we were constantly at it—what I thought never could be done, was finished in three or four days. The use of the

flageolet was to drown the noise of the filing; for when one filed, the other piped.

"When the bar was cut through, he fitted the parts nicely together, and covered them over with rust.—He proceeded in the same manner, to cut out another bar; so that we had a free opening out of the window. Our cell was at the very top of the jail, so that even to look down to the ground was terrible.

"Under various pretences, we had got an unusual quantity of blankets on our beds; these he examined with the utmost care, as upon their strength our lives were to depend. We calculated with great coolness, the breadth of the strips into which he might cut the blankets, so as to reach from the window to the ground; allowing for the knots by which they were to be joined, and for other knots that were to hinder the hands and feet from slipping.

" 'Now,' said he, 'Mr. Moriarty, all this is quite easy, and requires nothing but a determined heart and a sound head: but the difficulty is to baffle the sentinel that is below, and who is walking backward and forward continually, day and night, under the window; and there is another, you see, in a sentry-box, at the door of the yard: and, for all I know, there may be another sentinel at the other side of the wall. Now these men were never on the same duty; I have friends enough out of doors, who have money enough, and would have talked rason to them: but as these sentinels are changed every day, no good can be got of *them*: but stay till to-morrow night, and we'll try what we can do.'

I was determined to follow him.—The next night, the moment that we were locked in for the night, we set to work to cut the blankets into slips, and tied them together with the utmost

care and assiduity. We put this rope round one of the fixed bars of the window; and, pulling at each knot, we satisfied ourselves that every part was sufficiently strong. Dunne looked frequently out of the window, with the utmost anxiety—it was a moonlight night.

" 'The moon,' said he, 'will be down in an hour and a half.'

" In a little while we heard the noise of several girls' singing at a distance from the windows, and we could see, as they approached, that they were dancing, and making free with the sentinels: I saw that they were provided with bottles of spirits, with which they pledged the deluded soldiers. By degrees the sentinels forgot their duty; and, by the assistance of some laudanum contained in some of the spirits, they were left senseless on the ground. The whole of this plan, and the very night and hour, had been arranged by Dunne

with his associates, before he was put into Kilmainham. The success of this scheme, which was totally unexpected by me, gave me, I suppose, plase your honour, fresh courage. He, very honourably, gave me the choice of to go down first or to follow him. I was ashamed not to go first:——after I had got out of the window, and had fairly hold of the rope, my fear diminished, and I went cautiously down to the bottom.—Here I waited for Dunne, and we both of us silently stole along in the dark, for the moon had gone in, and did not meet with the least obstruction. Our out of doors assistants had the prudence to get entirely out of sight. Dunne led me to a hiding place in a safe part of the town, and committed me to the care of a sea-faring man, who promised to get me on board an American ship.

" 'As for my part,' said Dunne, 'I

will go in the morning, boldly, to the magistrate, and claim his promise.'

"He did so——and the magistrate, with good sense, and good faith, kept his promise, and obtained a pardon for Dunne.

"I wrote to Peggy, to get aboard an American ship.—I was cast away on the coast of France—made my way to the first religious house that I could hear of, where I luckily found an Irishman, who saved me from starvation, and who sent me on from convent to convent, till I got to Paris, where your honour met me on that bridge, just when I was looking for Miss Dora's house. And that's all I've got to tell," concluded Moriarty, "and all true."

No adventures, of any sort, happened to our hero, in the course of his journey. The wind was fair for England, when he reached Calais:—he had a good passage, with all the expedition that good horses, good roads, good money, and civil

words insure in England:—he pursued his way:—he arrived in the shortest time possible in London.

He came to town in the morning, before the usual hour when the banks are open.—Leaving orders with his servant, on whose punctuality he thought he could depend to waken him at the proper hour, he lay down overcome with fatigue and slept—yes—slept soundly.

CHAP. XXXI.

ORMOND was wakened at the proper hour—went immediately to ****'s bank. It was but just open, and beginning to do business. He had never been there before—his person was not known to any of the firm. He entered a long narrow room, so dark at the entrance from the street, that he could at first scarcely see what was on either side of him—a clerk from some obscure nook, and from a desk higher than himself, put out his head, with a long quill behind his ear, and looked at Ormond as he came in.

"Pray, Sir, am I right?—Is this Mr. ****'s bank?"

"Yes, surely, Sir."

With mercantile economy of words the clerk, with a motion of his head, pointed out to Ormond the way he should go—and continued casting up his books. Ormond walked down the narrow aisle, and it became light as he advanced towards a large window at the farther end, before which three clerks sat at a table opposite to him. A person stood with his back to Ormond, and was speaking earnestly to one of the clerks, who leaned over the table listening. Just as Ormond came up, he heard his own name mentioned—he recollected the voice—he recollected the back of the figure—the very bottle-green coat—it was Patrickson!—Ormond stood still behind him—and waited to hear what was going on—

"Sir," said the clerk, "it is a very sudden order for a very large sum."

"True, Sir—but you see my *power*—you know Mr. Ormond's hand-writing—and you know Sir Ulick O'Shane's—"

"Mr. James," said the principal clerk, turning to one of the others, "be so good to hand me the letters we have of Mr. Ormond's—As we have never seen the gentleman sign his name, Sir, it is necessary that we should be more particular in comparing."

"Oh, Sir, no doubt, compare as much as you please—no doubt people cannot be too exact and deliberate in doing business."

"It certainly is his signature," said the clerk.

"I witnessed the paper," said Patrickson.

"Sir—I don't dispute it," replied the clerk, "but you cannot blame us for being cautious, when such a *very* large sum is in question, and when we have no letter of advice from the gentleman."

"But I tell you I come straight from Mr. Ormond; I saw him last Tuesday at Paris—"

"And you see him now, Sir," said Ormond, advancing—

Patrickson's countenance changed beyond all power of control.

"Mr. Ormond!—I thought you were at Paris!"

"Mr. Patrickson! I thought you were at Havre de Grace—What brought you here so suddenly?"

"I acted for another,"—hesitated Patrickson,—"I therefore made no delay."

"And thank Heaven!" said Ormond, "I have acted for myself!—but just in time!——Sir," continued he, addressing himself to the principal clerk; "Gentlemen, I have to return you my thanks for your caution—it has actually saved me from ruin—for I understand—"

Ormond suddenly stopped, recollecting, that he might injure Sir Ulick O'Shane essentially, by a premature disclosure, or by repeating a report, which might be ill-founded.

He turned again to speak to Patrickson, but Patrickson had disappeared.

Then continuing to address himself to the clerks, "Gentlemen," (said Ormond, speaking carefully) "have you heard any thing *of* or *from* Sir Ulick O'Shane lately, except what you may have heard from this Mr. Patrickson?"

"Not *from*, but *of* Sir Ulick O'Shane we heard from our Dublin correspondent, in due course we have heard," replied the head clerk. "Too true, I am afraid, Sir, that his bank had come to paying in sixpences on Saturday."

The second clerk seeing great concern in Ormond's countenance, added—

"But Sunday, you know, is in their favour, Sir; and Monday and Tuesday are holidays, so they may stand the run and recover yet."

"With the help of this gentleman's thirty thousand, they might have recovered, perhaps—but Mr. Ormond would scarce have recovered it."

As to the ten thousand pounds in the three per cents. of which Sir Ulick had obtained possession a month ago, that was irrecoverable, *if* his bank should break."—"*If*."—The clerks all spoke with due caution;—but their opinion was sufficiently plain—They were honestly indignant against the guardian who had thus attempted to ruin his ward.

Though almost stunned and breathless with the sense of the danger he had so narrowly escaped, yet Ormond's instinct of generosity, if we may use the expression, and his gratitude for early kindness operated; he *would* not believe that Sir Ulick had been guilty of a deliberate desire to injure him. At all events, he determined that, instead of returning to France, as he had intended, he would go immediately to Ireland, and try if it were possible to assist Sir Ulick, without materially injuring himself.

Having ordered horses, he made inquiry wherever he thought he might

obtain information with respect to the Annalys.—All that he could learn was, that they were at some sea-bathing place in the south of England, and that Miss Annaly was still unmarried. A ray of hope darted into the mind of our hero —and he began his journey to Ireland with feelings, which every good and generous mind will know how to appreciate.

He had escaped at Paris from a temptation, which it was scarcely possible to resist. He had by decision and activity preserved his fortune from ruin —he had under his protection an humble friend, whom he had saved from banishment and disgrace, and whom he hoped to restore to his wretched wife and family. Forgetful of the designs that had been meditated against him by his guardian, to whose necessities he attributed his late conduct, he hastened to his immediate assistance, determined to do every thing in his power to save Sir

Ulick from ruin, *if* his difficulties arose from misfortune, and not from criminality—if, on the contrary, he should find that Sir Ulick was fraudulently a bankrupt—he determined to quit Ireland immediately, and to resume his scheme of foreign travel.

The system of posting had at this time been carried to the highest perfection in England. It was the amusement and the fashion of the time to squander large sums in hurrying from place to place, without any immediate motive for arriving at the end of a journey, but that of having the satisfaction of boasting in what a short time it had been performed—or, as it is expressed in one of our comedies, " to enter London like a meteor, with a prodigious tail of dust."

Moriarty Carroll, who was perched upon the box with Ormond's servant, made excellent observations, wherever he went. His English companion could not comprehend how a man of common

sense could by ignorant of various things, which excited the wonder and curiosity of Moriarty. Afterwards, however, when they travelled in Ireland, Moriarty had as much reason to be surprised at the impression, which Irish manners and customs made upon his companion.

After a prosperous and rapid journey to Holyhead, our hero found to his mortification, that the packet had sailed with a fair wind about half an hour before his arrival.

Notwithstanding his impatience, he learned that it was impossible to overtake the vessel in a boat, and that he must wait for the sailing of the next day's packet.

Fortunately, however, the Lord Lieutenant's secretary arrived from London at Holyhead time enough for the tide, and as he had an order from the Post-office for a packet to sail, whenever he should require it, the intelligent landlord of the inn suggested to Ormond, that he

might probably obtain permission from the secretary to have a birth in this packet.

Ormond's manner and address were such as to obtain from the good-natured and well-bred secretary the permission he required; and, in a short time, he found himself out of sight of the coast of Wales. During the beginning of their voyage, the motion of the vessel was so steady, and the weather so fine, that every body remained on deck; but on the wind shifting and becoming more violent, the landsmen soon retired below decks, and poor Moriarty and his English companion slunk down into the steerage, submitting to their fate. Ormond was never sea-sick; he walked the deck, and enjoyed the admirable manœuvring of the vessel. Two or three naval officers, and some other passengers, who were used to the sea, and who had quietly gone to bed during the beginning of the voyage, now came from below, to

avoid the miseries of the cabin. As one of these gentlemen walked backwards and forwards upon deck, he eyed our hero from time to time with looks of anxious curiosity—Ormond perceiving this, addressed the stranger, and enquired from him whether he had mistaken his looks, or whether he had any wish to speak to him.—"Sir," said the stranger, "I do think that I have seen you before, and I believe that I am under considerable obligations to you—I was supercargo to that vessel that was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, when you and your young friend exerted yourselves to save the vessel from plunder.—After the shipwreck, the moment I found myself on land, I hastened to the neighbouring town to obtain protection and assistance. In the mean time, your exertions had saved a great deal of our property, which was lodged in safety in the neighbourhood. I had procured a horse in the town to which I had gone,

and had ridden back to the shore with the utmost expedition. Along with the vessel which had been shipwrecked, there had sailed another American sloop.—We were both bound from New York to Bourdeaux. In the morning after the shipwreck, our consort hove in sight of the wreck, and sent a boat on shore, to inquire what had become of the crew, and of the cargo, but they found not a human creature on the shore, except myself.—The plunderers had escaped to their hiding places, and all the rest of the inhabitants had accompanied the body of the poor young gentleman, who had fallen a sacrifice to his exertions in our favour.

"It was of the utmost consequence to my employers, that I should arrive as soon as possible at Bourdeaux, to give an account of what had happened.—I therefore, without hesitation, abandoned my horse, with its bridle and saddle, and I got on board the American vessel

without delay.—In my hurry I forgot my great coat on the shore, a loss which proved extremely inconvenient to me—as there were papers in the pockets, which might be necessary to produce before my employers.

"I arrived safely at Bourdeaux, settled with my principals to their satisfaction, and I am now on my way to Ireland, to reclaim such part of my property, and that of my employers, as was saved from the savages, who pillaged us in our distress."——This detail, which was given with great simplicity and precision, excited considerable interest among the persons upon the deck of the packet. Moriarty, who was pretty well recovered from his sickness, was now summoned upon deck. Ormond confronted him with the American supercargo, but neither of them had the least recollection of each other.—"And yet," said Ormond to the American, "though you do not know this man—he is at this moment under sen-

tence of transportation for having robbed you—and he very narrowly escaped being hanged for your murder.—A fate from which he was saved by the patience and sagacity of the judge who tried him."

Moriarty's surprise was expressed with such strange contortions of delight, and with a tone, and in a phraseology, so peculiarly his own, as to astonish and entertain the spectators.—Among these was the Irish secretary, who, without any application being made to him, promised Moriarty to procure for him a free pardon.

On Ormond's landing in Dublin, the first news he heard, and it was repeated a hundred times in a quarter of an hour, was that "Sir Ulick O'Shane was bankrupt—that his bank shut up yesterday. —It was a public calamity, a private source of distress, that reached lower and farther than any bankruptcy had ever done in Ireland."—Ormond heard of it from every tongue, it was written

in every face—in every house it was the subject of lamentation, of invective. In every street poor men, with ragged notes in their hands, were stopping to pore over the names at the back of the notes, or hurrying to and fro, looking up at the shop windows for "*half price given here for O'Shane's notes.*" Groups of people, of all ranks, gathered—stopped—dispersed, talking of Sir Ulick O'Shane's bankruptcy—their hopes—their fears—their losses—their ruin—their despair—their rage. Some said it was all owing to Sir Ulick's shameful extravagance!—"His house in Dublin, fit for a duke!—Castle Hermitage full of company to the last week—balls—dinners, champagne, burgundy!—scandalous!—"

Others accused Sir Ulick's absurd speculations.—Many pronounced the bankruptcy to be fraudulent, and asserted that an estate had been made over to Marcus, who would live in affluence on the ruin of the creditors.

At Sir Ulick's house in town, every window shutter was closed.——Ormond rang and knocked in vain—not that he wished to see Sir Ulick—no, he would not have intruded on his misery for the world,—but Ormond longed to inquire from the servants how things were with him.—No servant could be seen.—Ormond went to Sir Ulick's bank.—Such crowds of people filled the street, that it was with the utmost difficulty, and after a great working of elbows, that in an hour or two, he made his way to one of the barred windows.—There was a place where notes were handed in and *accepted,* as they called it, by the clerks, who thus for the hour soothed and pacified the sufferers, with the hopes that this *acceptance* would be good, and would *stand in stead* at some future day.—They were told, that when things should come to a settlement, all would be paid.—There was property enough to satisfy the creditors, when *the commissioners* should

look into it.—Sir Ulick would pay all honourably—as far as possible—fifteen shillings in the pound, or certainly ten shillings—the *accepted* notes would pass for that any where—the crowd pressed closer and closer, arms crossing over each other to get notes in at the window, the clerks' heads appearing and disappearing. It was said they were laughing, while they thus deluded the people.

All the intelligence, that Ormond, after being nearly suffocated, could obtain from any of the clerks, was, that Sir Ulick was in the country. "They believed at Castle Hermitage—could not be certain—had no letters from him to day—he was ill when they heard last—so ill he could do no business—confined to his bed."

The people in the street hearing these answers replied—"confined in his bed is he?—In the jail it should be, as many will be—*along* with him—Ill is he, Sir Ulick?—Sham sickness may be—all his

life a *sham*."—All these, and innumerable other taunts and imprecations, with which the poor people vented their rage—Ormond heard as he made his way out of the crowd.

Of all who had suffered, he who had probably lost the most, and who certainly had been on the brink of losing the greatest part of what he possessed, was the only individual who uttered no reproach.

He was impatient to get down to Castle Hermitage, and if he found that Sir Ulick had acted fairly, to be some comfort to him, to be with him at least when deserted by all the rest of the world.

At all the inns upon the road, as he went from Dublin to Castle Hermitage, even at the villages where he stopped to water the horses, every creature, down to the hostlers, were talking of the bankruptcy—and abusing Sir Ulick O'Shane and his son. The curses that were deep,

not loud, were the worst—and the faces of distress worse than all. Gathering round his carriage, wherever it stopped, the people questioned him and his servants about the news, and then turned away, saying they were ruined. The men stood in unutterable despair.—The women crying, loudly bewailed,—"their husbands, their sons, that must waste in the jail, or fly the country, for what should they do for the rents that had been made up in Sir Ulick's notes, and *no good* now."

Ormond felt the more on hearing these complaints, from his sense of the absolute impossibility of relieving the universal distress.

He pursued his melancholy journey, and took Moriarty into the carriage with him, that he might not be recognized on the road.

When he came within sight of Castle Hermitage, he stopped at the top of the hill at a cottage, where many a time in his

boyish days he had rested with Sir Ulick out hunting. The mistress of the house, now an old woman, came to the door.

"Master Harry! dear!" cried she, when she saw who it was.—But the sudden flash of joy in her old face was over in an instant.

"But did you hear it?" cried she, "and the great change it caused him—poor Sir Ulick O'Shane—I went up with eggs on purpose to see him, but could only hear—he was in his bed—wasting with trouble—nobody knows any thing more—all is kept hush and close.—Mr. Marcus took off all he could rap and ran, even to—"

"Well, well, I don't want to hear of Marcus—can you tell me whether Dr. Cambray is come home?"

"Not expected to come till Monday."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh!—not a morning but I'm there the first thing, asking, and longing for them."

"Lie back Moriarty in the carriage, and pull your hat over your face," whispered Ormond, "postillions, drive on to that little cabin, with the trees about it, at the foot of the hill."—This was Moriarty's cabin—when they stopped, poor Peggy was called out.—Alas! how altered from the dancing, sprightly, blooming girl, whom Ormond had known so few years since in the Black Islands.—How different from the happy wife, whom he had left, comfortably settled in a cottage suited to her station and her wishes. She was thin, pale, and haggard—her dress was neglected—an ill-nursed child, that she had in her arms, she gave to a young girl near her.—Approaching the carriage, and seeing Harry Ormond, she seemed ready to sink into the earth,—however, after having drank some water, she recovered sufficiently to be able to answer Ormond's enquiries.

"What do you intend to do, Peggy?"

"Do, Sir!—go to America to join

my husband sure; every thing was to have been sold,. Monday last—but nobody has any money—and I am tould it will cost a great deal to get across the sea."

At this she burst into tears, and cried most bitterly—at this moment the carriage door burst open—Moriarty's impatience could be no longer restrained—he flung himself into the arms of his wife.

Leaving this happy and innocent couple to enjoy their felicity—we proceed to Castle Hermitage.

Ormond directed the postillions to go the back way to the house.—They drove on down an old avenue.

Presently they saw a boy, who seemed to be standing on the watch, run back towards the Castle—leaping over hedge and ditch with desperate haste.—Then came running from the house three men, calling to one another to shut the gates for the love of God!

They all ran towards the gateway, through which the postillions were going to drive—reached it, just as the foremost horses turned, and flung the gate full against the horses' heads.—The men, without looking or caring, went on locking the gate.

Ormond jumped out of the carriage —at the sight of him, the padlock fell from the hand of the man who held it.

"Master Harry, himself!—and is it you?—We ask your pardon, your honour."

The men were three of Sir Ulick's workmen—Ormond forbad the carriage to follow.

"For perhaps you are afraid of the noise disturbing Sir Ulick?" said he.

"No, please your honour," said the foremost man, "it will not disturb him —as well let the carriage come on— only," whispered he, "best to send the hack postillions with their horses, al-

ways to the inn, afore they'd learn anything."

Ormond walked on quickly, and as soon as he was out of hearing of the postillions, again asked the men—

"What news?—how is Sir Ulick?"

"Poor gentleman! he has had a deal of trouble—and no help for him," said the man.

"Better tell him plain," whispered the next.—"Master Harry, Sir Ulick O'Shane's trouble is over in this world, Sir."

"Is he—"

"Dead, he is, and cold, and in his coffin—this minute—and thanks be to God—if he is safe there even,—from them that are on the watch to seize on his body!—In dread of them creditors, orders were given to keep the gates locked.—He is dead since Tuesday, Sir, —but hardly one knows it out of the castle—except us."

Ormond walked on silently, while they followed, talking at intervals.

"There is a very great cry against him, Sir, I hear in Dublin,—and here in the country too," said one.

"The distress they say is very great, he caused, but they might let his body rest any way—what good can that do them?"

"Bad or good, they sha'n't touch it," said the other—"by the blessing, we shall have him buried safe in the morning, afore they are stirring. We shall carry the coffin through the under ground passage, that goes to the stables, and out by the lane to the churchyard easy—and the gentleman, the clergyman, has notice all will be ready, and the housekeeper only attending."

"Oh! the pitiful funeral," said the eldest of the men, "the pitiful funeral for Sir Ulick O'Shane, that was born to better."

"Well, we can only do the best we can," said the other, "let what will happen to ourselves; for Sir Marcus said he

wouldn't take one of his father's notes from any of us." •

Ormond involuntarily felt for his purse.

"Oh! don't be bothering the gentleman, don't be talking," said the old man. "This way, Master Harry, if you please, Sir, the under ground way to the back yard. We keep all close till after the burying, for fear—that was the housekeeper's order. Sent all off to Dublin when Sir Ulick took to his bed, and Lady Norton went off."

Ormond refrained from asking any questions about his illness, fearing to inquire into the manner of his death. He walked on more quickly and silently.—When they were going through the dark passage, one of the men, in a low voice, observed to Mr. Ormond, that the housekeeper would tell him all about it.

When they got to the house, the housekeeper and Sir Ulick's man appeared, seeming much surprised at the sight of Mr. Ormond. They said a great deal

about the *unfortunate event,* and their own sorrow and *distress*—but Ormond saw that theirs were only the long faces, dismal tones, and outward shew of grief. They were just a common housekeeper and gentleman's gentleman, neither worse nor better than ordinary servants in a great house. Sir Ulick had treated them only as such.

The housekeeper, without Ormond's asking a single question, went on to tell him, "That Castle Hermitage was as full of company, even to the last week, as ever it could hold, and all as grand as ever; the first people in Ireland—champagne and burgundy, and ices, and all as usual—and a ball that very week. Sir Ulick was very considerate, and sent Lady Norton off to her other friends; he took ill suddenly that night with a great pain in his head;—he had been writing hard, and in great trouble, and he took to his bed, and never rose from it—he was found by Mr. Dempsey, his

own man, dead in his bed in the morning, died of a broken heart to be sure!—Poor gentleman!—Some people in the neighbourhood was mighty busy talking how the coroner ought to be sent for, but that blew over, Sir. But then we were in dread of the seizure of the body for debt, so the gates was kept locked; and now you know all we know about it, Sir."

Ormond said he would attend the funeral. There was no attempt to seize upon the body:—only the three workmen, the servants, a very few of the *cottagers*, and Harry Ormond, attended to the grave the body of the once popular Sir Ulick O'Shane. This was considered by the country people as the greatest of all the misfortunes that had befallen him; the lowest degradation to which an O'Shane could be reduced. They compared him with king Corny, and "see the difference," said they, "the one was the *true thing*, and never *changed*—and after all where is the great friends now?—the

quality that used to be entertaining at the castle above? Where is all the favour promised him now? What is it come to? See, with all his wit, and the schemes upon schemes, broke and gone, and forsook and forgot, and buried without a funeral, or a tear, but from Master Harry."

Ormond was surprised to hear, in the midst of many of their popular superstitions and prejudices, how justly they estimated Sir Ulick's abilities and character.

As the men filled up the grave, one of them said—

"There lies the making of an excellent gentleman—but the cunning ot his head spoiled the goodness of his heart."

The day after the funeral, an agent came from Dublin to settle Sir Ulick O'Shane's affairs in the country.

On opening his desk, the first thing that appeared was a bundle of accounts, and a letter, directed to H. Ormond, Esq.

He took it to his own room, and read

'ORMOND,

'I intended to *employ* your money to reestablish my falling credit, but I never intended to *defraud* you.'

'ULICK O'SHANE.'

CHAP. XXXII.

BOTH from a sense of justice to the poor people concerned, and from a desire to save Sir Ulick O'Shane's memory as far as it was in his power from reproach, Ormond determined to pay all the small debts that were due to his servants, workmen, and immediate dependants. For this purpose, when the funeral was over, he had them all assembled at Castle Hermitage. All just demands of this sort were paid,—all were satisfied, even the bare-footed kitchen maid, the drudge of this great house, who, in despair, had looked at her poor one guinea note of Sir Ulick's, had that note paid in gold, and went away

blessing Master Harry. Happy for all that he is come home to us, was the general feeling. But there was one man, a groom of Sir Ulick's, who did not join in any of these blessings or praises; he stood silent and motionless, with his eyes on the money, which Mr. Ormond had put into his hand.

"Is your money right?" said Ormond.

"It is, Sir, but I had something to tell you."

When all the other servants had left the room, the man said—

"I am the groom, Sir, that was sent, just before you went to France, with a letter to Annaly; there was an answer to that letter, Sir, though you never got it."

"There was an answer!" cried Ormond, anger flashing, but an instant afterwards, joy sparkling in his eyes. "There was a letter!—From whom?—I'll forgive you all, if you will tell me the whole truth."

"I will—and not a word of lie, and I beg your honour's pardon, if—"

"Go on—straight to the fact, this instant, or you shall never have my pardon."

"Why then I stopped to take a glass coming home; and, not knowing how it was, I had the misfortune to lose the bit of a note, and I thought no more about it till, please your honour, after you was gone, it was found."

"Found!" cried Ormond, stepping hastily up to him, "Where is it?"

"I have it safe here," said the man, opening a sort of pocket-book, "here I have kept it safe till your honour came back."

Ormond saw, and seized upon a letter, in Lady Annaly's hand, directed to him. Tore it open—two notes—one from Florence.

"I forgive you!" said he to the man, and made a sign to him to leave the room.

When Ormond had read, or without reading, had taken in by one glance of the eye, the sense of the letters—he rang the bell instantly.

"Inquire at the post-office," said he to his servant, "whether Lady Annaly is in England or Ireland?—if in England where?—if in Ireland, whether at Annaly or at Herbert's Town?—Quick—an answer."

An answer was quickly brought—

"In England—in Devonshire, Sir,—here is the exact direction to the place, Sir,—I shall pack up—I suppose, Sir."

"Certainly—directly."

Leaving a few lines of explanation and affection for Dr. Cambray, our young hero was *off again*, to the surprise and regret of all who saw him driving away as fast as horses could carry him. —His servant, from the box, however, spread, as he went, for the comfort of the deploring village, the assurance that "Master and he would soon be back

again--please Heaven!—-and—happier than ever."

And now, that he is safe in the carriage, what was in that note of Miss Annaly's which has produced such a *sensation*. No talismanic charm ever operated with more magical celerity than this note. What were the words of the charm?—

That is a secret, which shall never be known to the world.

The only point which it much imports the public to know, is probably already guessed—that the letter did not contain a refusal, nor any absolute discouragement of Ormond's hopes. But Lady Annaly and Florence had both distinctly told him, that they could not receive him at Annaly till after a particular day, on which they said that they should be particularly engaged. They told him that Colonel Albemarle was at Annaly—that he would leave it at such a time—and that they requested that Mr. Or-

mond would postpone his visit till after that time.

Not receiving this notice, Ormond had unfortunately gone upon the day that was specially prohibited.

Now that the kneeling figure appeared to him as a rival in despair, not in triumph, Ormond asked himself how he could ever have been such an ideot as to doubt Florence Annaly.

"Why did I set off in such haste for Paris?—Could not I have waited a day? —Could not I have written again?—Could not I have cross-questioned the drunken servant when he was sober?—Could not I have done any thing, in short, but what I did!"

Clearly as a man, when his anger is dissipated, sees what he ought to have done or to have left undone, while the fury lasted; vividly as a man in a different kind of passion sees the folly of all he did, said, or thought, when he was possessed by the past madness; so clearly,

so vividly, did Ormond now see and feel —and vehemently execrate his jealous folly, and mad precipitation.—And then he came to the question—

"Could his folly be repaired?—Would his madness ever be forgiven?" Ormond, in love affairs, never had any presumption —any tinge of the Connal coxcombry in his nature; he was not apt to flatter himself, that he had made a deep impression; and now he was, perhaps from his sense of the superior value of the object, more than usually diffident. With every changing view of the subject, he discovered fresh cause to fear that he might lose, or that he might have already forfeited, the prize. Though Miss Annaly is still unmarried, she might have resolved irrevocably against him.—Though she was not a girl to act in the high-flown heroine style; and, in a fit of pride or revenge, to punish the man she liked, by marrying his rival, whom she did not like; yet Florence Annaly, as Ormond

well knew, inherited some of her mother's strength of character; and, in circumstances that deeply touched her heart, might be capable of all her mother's warmth of indignation. It was in her character decidedly to refuse to connect herself with any man, however her heart might incline towards him, if he had any essential defect of temper; or, if she thought that his attachment to her was not steady and strong; in short, such as she deserved it should be, and such as her sensibility and all her hopes of domestic happiness required in a husband. And then there was Lady Annaly to be considered—how indignant she would be at his conduct.

While Ormond was travelling alone, he had full leisure to torment himself with these thoughts. Pressed forward alternately by hope and fear, each urging expedition, he hastened on——reached Dublin—crossed the water—and travelling day and night, neither stinted nor

stayed till he was at the feet of his fair mistress.

To those who like to know the how—the when—and the where, it should be told that it was evening when he arrived—Florence Annaly was walking with her mother by the sea-side, in one of the most beautiful and retired parts of the coast of Devonshire, when they were told by a servant, that a gentleman from Ireland had just arrived at their house, and wished to see them. A minute afterwards they saw—

"Could it be?" Lady Annaly said, turning in doubt to her daughter, but the cheek of Florence, instantly convinced the mother, that it could be none but Mr. Ormond himself.

"Mr. Ormond!" said Lady Annaly, advancing kindly, yet with some mixture of dignified reserve in her manner, "Mr. Ormond, after his long absence, is welcome to his old friend."

There was in Ormond's look and man-

ner, as he approached, something that much inclined the daughter to hope that he might prove not utterly unworthy of her mother's forgiveness; and, when he spoke to the daughter, there was, in his voice and look, something that softened the mother's heart; irresistibly inclined her to wish, that he might be able to give a satisfactory explanation of his strange conduct. Where the parties are thus happily disposed both to hear reason—to excuse passion—and to pardon the errors to which passion, even in the most reasonable minds, is liable; explanations are seldom tedious, or difficult to be comprehended. The moment Ormond produced the cover, the soiled cover of the letters, a glimpse of the truth struck Florence Annaly; and before he had got further in his sentence than these words:

"I did not receive your ladyship's letter till within these few days."

All the reserve of Lady Annaly's manner was dispelled: her smiles relieved

his apprehensions, and encouraged him to proceed in his story with happy fluency. The carelessness of the d k-en servant, who had occasioned so much mischief, was talked of for a few minutes with great satisfaction.

Ormond took his own share of e blame so frankly, and with so good a grace, and described, with such truth, the agony he had been thrown into by the sight of the kneeling figure in regimentals, that Lady Annaly could not help comforting him by the asso e that Florence had, at the same moment, been *sufficiently* alarmed by the rearing of his horse at the sight of the flapping window blind.

"The kneeling gentleman," said Lady Annaly, "whom you thought at the height of joy and glory, was at that moment in the depths of despair. So ill do the passions see what is even before their eyes!"

If Lady Annaly had had a mind to

moralise at this moment, she might have done so to any length, without fear of interruption from either of her auditors, and with the most perfect certainty of [illegible] submission and dignified humility on the part of our hero, who was too happy at this moment not to be ready to acknowledge himself to have been wrong and absurd; and worthy of any quantity of reprehension or indignation, that could have been bestowed upon him.

Her ladyship went, however, as far from morality as possible—to Paris.— She spoke of the *success* Mr. Ormond had had in Parisian society,—she spoke of M. and Madame de Connal, and various persons with whom he had been intimate, among others, of the abbé Morellet.

Ormond rejoiced to find that Lady Annaly knew he had been in the Abbé Morellet's distinguished society. The happiest hopes for the future rose in his mind, from perceiving that her ladyship,

by whatever means, knew all that he had been doing in Paris. It seems that they had had accounts of him from several English travellers, who had met him at Paris, and had heard him spoken of in different companies.

Ormond took care—give him credit for it all who have ever been in love—even in these first moments, with the object of his present affection, Ormond took care to do justice to the absent Dora, whom he now never expected to see again.—He seized, dexterously, an opportunity, in reply to something Lady Annaly said about the Connals, to observe, that Madame de Connal was not only much admired for her beauty at Paris, but that she did honour to Ireland by having preserved her reputation; young, and without a guide, as she was, in dissipated French society, with few examples of conjugal virtues to preserve in her mind the precepts and habits of her British education.

Ormond was glad of this opportunity to give, as he now did with all the energy of truth, the result of his feelings and reflections on what he had seen of French modes of living; their superior pleasures of society; and their want of our domestic happiness.

While Ormond was speaking, both the mother and daughter could not help admiring, in the midst of his moralizing, the great improvement which had been made in his appearance and manners.

With all his own characteristic frankness, he acknowledged the impression which French gaiety, and the brilliancy of Parisian society, had, at first, made upon him:—he was glad, however, that he had now seen all that the imagination often paints as far more delightful than it really is.—He had, thank Heaven, passed through this course of dissipation, without losing his taste for better and happier modes of life. The last few months, though they might seem but a

splendid or feverish dream in his existence, had in reality been, he believed, of essential service in confirming his principles, settling his character, and deciding for ever his taste and judgment, after full opportunity of comparison, in favour of his own country—and especially of his own country women.

Lady Annaly smiled benignantly; and after observing, that this seemingly unlucky excursion, which had begun in anger, had ended advantageously to Mr. Ormond; and after having congratulated him upon having saved his fortune, and established his character solidly, she left him to plead his own cause with her daughter—in her heart cordially wishing him success.

What he said, or what Florence answered, we do not know; but we are perfectly sure that if we did, the repetition of it would tire the reader. Lady Annaly and tea waited for them with great patience to an unusually late, which

they conceived to be an unusually early hour. The result of this conversation was, that Ormond remained with them in this beautiful retirement in Devonshire, the next day, and the next, and—how many days are not precisely recorded; a blank was left for the number, which the editor of these memoirs does not dare to fill up at random, lest some Mrs. M'Crule should exclaim—"Scandalously too long to keep the young man there!—or scandalously too short a courtship after all!"

It is humbly requested, that every young lady of delicacy and feeling will put herself in the place of Florence Annaly—then, imagining the man she most approves to be in the place of Mr. Ormond, she will be pleased to fill up the blank with what number of days she may think proper.

When the happy day was named, it was agreed they should return to Ireland, to Annaly; and that their kind

friend, Dr. Cambray, should be the person to complete that union, which he had so long foreseen, and so anxiously desired.

Those who wish to hear something of estates, as well as of weddings, should be told, that about the same time Ormond received letters from Marcus O'Shane, and from M. de Connal.—Marcus informing him, that the estate of Castle Hermitage was to be sold by the commissioners of bankrupts, and beseeching him to bid for it, that it might not be sold under value.—M. de Connal also besought his dear friend, Mr. Ormond, to take the Black Islands off his hands, for they incumbered him terribly. No wonder, living, as he did, at Paris, with his head at Versailles, and his heart in a faro bank. Ormond could not oblige both the gentlemen, though they had each pressing reasons for getting rid speedily of their property; and were assured, that he would be the most

agreeable purchaser. Castle Hermitage was the finest estate, and by far the best bargain.—But other considerations weighed with our hero. While Sir Ulick O'Shane's son and natural representative was living, banished by debts from his native country, Ormond could not bear to take possession of Castle Hermitage. For the Black Islands he had a fondness—they were associated with all the tender recollections of his generous benefactor.—He should hurt no one's feelings by this purchase—and he might do a great deal of good, by carrying on his old friend's improvements, and by further civilizing the people of the Islands, all of whom were warmly attached to him. They considered prince Harry as the lawful representative of their dear king Corny, and actually offered up prayers for his coming again to reign over them.

To those who think that the mind is a kingdom of yet more consequence than

even that of the Black Islands, it may be agreeable to hear, that Ormond continued to enjoy the empire which he had gained over himself, and to maintain that high character, which in spite of his neglected education, and of all the adverse circumstances to which he was early exposed, he had formed for himself by resolute energy.

Lady Annaly, with the pride of affection, gloried in the full accomplishment of her prophecies, and was rewarded in the best manner for that benevolent interest she had early taken in our hero's improvement, by seeing the perfect felicity which subsisted between her daughter and Ormond.

THE END.

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